

MISCELLANEOUS
P I E C E S
O F
Antient ENGLISH POESIE.

V I Z.

The Troublesome Raigne of King JOHN,

Written by SHAKESPEARE,

Extant in no Edition of his Writings.

The Metamorphosis of PIGMALION's Image,
and certain Satyres.

By JOHN MARSTON.

The SCOURGE of VILLANIE. By the same.

All printed before the YEAR 1600.



L O N D O N:

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Ludgate-Street.

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P R E F A C E.

IT may not be amiss to premise a few words respecting the several poems now offered to the publick: that deference is due to them who are to judge of the merit or taste of the fare that is set before them. Without farther preamble let us come to the first piece, the first work probably of the great man whose name it bears, and whose genuine performance it most unquestionably is. 'Tis somewhat remarkable that the several editors of *Shakespeare* should have so to-

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tally unnoticed this work, as not to have told their readers that it contains nothing to be met with in any of their several editions. *Theobald* and *Warburton* have given us the title in their several lists of his Writings, but make no mention of this particular.---It has been the subject of much speculation, which was the first production of this great and singular genius, but hitherto nothing seems ascertained on this Head. However, thus far is indisputable, that this is his earliest publication, and the only one of the year in which it was published. 'Tis more than probable some years elapsed before he published any thing else: the author of the *British Theatre*, Lond. 1752, is by no means to be relied on in his dates.---Sir *John Harington* in his

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in his apology of poetry, of the year 1591, mentions the acting of a tragedy of King Richard III. at Cambridge, but does not even hint at the author; so that cannot be supposed to interfere with the precedence of this. We may observe that *Shakespeare* varied and curtailed his plan in the play, as it now stands in the several editions of his writings.---The present work will be found to contain many speeches worthy of its author: and there is much singular humour in those of the bastard; particularly in the ballad-metre-dialogue betwixt him and the friar. But it is not the province of an editor to anticipate: a word or two however, concerning the British *Perfius John Marston*, may not be unuseful. Of him very little is

A 3 recorded

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recorded with certainty. *Antony a Wood*, who is generally exact in his accounts of men, and much to be relied upon, is remarkably deficient with respect to him; indeed there seems to be little reason to think he was of Oxford: it is certain from his works that he was of Cambridge, where he was contemporary with Mr. *Hall*, with whom, as it appears from his satire, called *Reactio*, and from the *Scourge of Villanie*, sat. 10. he had some dispute. To say any thing of the latter will be superfluous, as every reader has an opportunity of perusing that: the former it may not be amiss to canvass. And here it must be observed that *Hall's* Satyres, though of late they have been much the subject of encomium, yet antiently they

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they were not in very high esteem, as will appear from the ridicule of *Marston*, and from the very severe criticism which *Milton* has on them in his apology for *Smectymnuus*, Sect. vi. But let us hear *Marston's* parodies of *Hall*.

Marston, p. 151.

Come daunce ye stumbling Satyres by his side.

Hall, defiance to envy, Stanza xvii.

Come dance ye nimble Driads by my side.

Marston, 155.

Speake ye attentive Swaines that heard him
never.

Hall, ib. Stanza xviii.

Speake ye attentive Swaines that heard me late.

And indeed almost all the Italick lines, p. 155, are allusions to the same piece: and particularly these subsequent ones refer to the first stanzas of the above; and to the epithet he gave himself to his satyres:

Envie,

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Envie, let pines of Ida rest alone,
For they will grow spight of the thunder stone,
Strive not to nibble in their swelling graine
With *toothless gums* of thy detracting braine.

It has not been generally known who was the author of *Pigmalion* and the five satyres: but that they belong to *Marston* is clear from the sixth and tenth satyres of the *Scourge of Villanie*: and to this may be added the evidence of the collector of England's *Parnassus*, printed 1600, who cites the five first lines of the dedication to opinion, prefixed to *Pigmalion* by the name of *I. Marston*, p. 221. Why and whence he took the adopted Name of *Kinsayder*, it will be to little purpose to guess: that he was known by it to his cotemporaries, appears from a passage in the *Return from Parnassus*, Act i. sc. ii.

Fitz-

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Fitz-Geoffry has fix verses to him in his *Affania*, l. 2, which as the book is not in every one's possession, are here inserted.

Ad IOHANNEM MARSTONIUM.

Gloria MARSTONI satyrarum proxima primæ,
Primaque, fas primas si numerare duas;
Sin primam duplicare nefas, tu gloria saltem
MARSTONI primæ proxima semper eris.
Nec te pæniteat stationis, IANE, secundus
Cum duo sint tantum, est neuter, at ambo
pares.

These satyres, says Mr. *Warton* in his observations on *Spenser*, contain many well drawn characters and several good strokes of a satyrical genius, but are not upon the whole so finished and classical as Bishop *Hall's*: the truth is they were satyrists of a different cast: *Hall* turned his pen against his contemporaries.

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temporary writers, and particularly versifiers, *Marston* chiefly inveighed against the growing foibles and vices of the age. Nothing remains but to observe, that the present edition of the *Scourge of Villanie* is carefully printed from the second, and that the tenth satyre was not in the first.



THE
FIRST AND SECOND PART
Of the troublesome RAIGNE of
JOHN KING of ENGLAND.

With the DISCOVERY of
King RICHARD CORDELION's base Sonne
(Vulgarly named the Bastard Fauconbridge:)

A L S O,
The Death of King JOHN at Swinstead Abbey.
*As they were (sundry times) lately acted by
the Queenes Majesties Players.*

Written by W. Sh.



Imprinted at London by *Valentine Simmes* for
John Helme, and are to be sold at his shop
in Saint Dunstons Churchyard in
Fleetestreet.

1 6 1 1.

Reprinted in the Year 1 7 6 4.

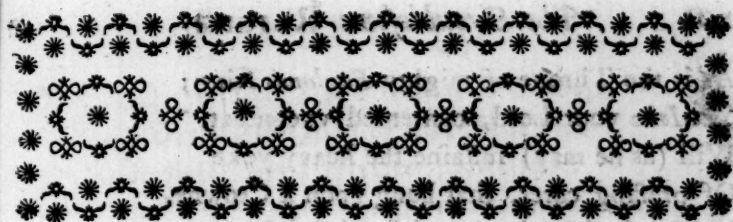
Dramatis Personæ.

KING John.
 Prince Henry his Son.
 Arthur Duke of Brittain.
 Philip King of France.
 Lewis the Dauphin.
 Limoges Duke of Austria.
 Earl of Pembroke,
 ——— Essex,
 ——— Salisbury,
 ——— Chester,
 ——— Clare,
 Lord Bewchampe,
 Hubert de Burgh.
 Earl Bigot,
 Viscount Meloun,
 Chattilion the French Embassadour.
 Robert Fauconbridge.
 Phillip the Bastard, otherwise Sir Philip Plantagenet.
 Shrive of Northamptonshire.
 Pandulpho the Pope's Legate.
 Peter of Pomfret, a Prophet.
 Abbot of Swinstead, Two Monks, Two Friars of the
 same, Two Franciscan Friars, Citizens of Angiers,
 Heralds, &c.
 Elinor, Queen Mother of England.
 Constance, Dutcheſs Dowager of Britaine, Mother of
 Arthur.
 Blanch, Niece to King John, married to the Dauphin
 Lewis.
 Lady Margaret Fauconbridge.
 A Nunne.

} English Lords.

} French Lords.

Scene mostly in England, sometimes in France.



THE
Troublesome RAIGNE
OF
KING IOHN.

Enter *K. Iohn*, *Queene Elianor his Mother*, *William Marshall*, *Earle of Pembroke*, *the Earles of Essex*, and
of Salisbury.

Queene Elianor.

B Arons of *England*, and my noble Lords;
Though God and Fortune haue bereft from vs
Victorious *Richard*, scourge of Infidells,
And clad this Land in stole of dismall hew:
Yet giue me leaue to ioy, and ioy you all,
That from this wombe hath sprung a second hope,
A King that may in rule and vertue both
Succede his brother in his Emperie.

K. Iohn. My gracious mother Queene, and Barons all;
Though farre vnworthy of so high a place,

B

As

As is the Throne of mighty *Englands* King;
 Yet *Iohn* your Lord, contented vncontent,
 Will (as he may) sustaine the heauy yoke
 Of pressing cares, that hang vpon a Crowne.
 My Lord of *Pembrooke* and Lord *Salisbury*,
 Admit the Lord *Chattilion* to our presence;
 That we may know what *Philip* King of *Fraunce*
 (By his Ambassadors) requires of vs.

2. *Elianor*. Dare lay my hand that *Elianor* can gesse
 Whereto this weighty Embassade doth tend :
 If of my nephew *Arthur* and his claime,
 Then say, my Sonne, I haue not misseide my aime.

Enter Chattilion and the two Earles.

K. Iohn. My Lord *Chattilion*, welcome into *England*:
 How fares our Brother *Philip* King of *Fraunce* ?

Chat. His Highnesse at my comming was in health,
 And will'd me to salute your Maiestie,
 And say the message he hath giuen in charge.

K. Iohn. And spare not man, wee are preparte to heare.

Chat. *Philip*, by the grace of God, most Christian
 King of *Fraunce*, hauing taken into his gardain and pro-
 tection *Arthur* D. of *Britaine*, sonne and heire to *Ieffrey*,
 thine elder brother, requireth in the behalfe of the saide
Arthur, the kingdome of *England*, with the lordship of
Ireland, *Poiters*, *Aniow*, *Toraine*, *Maine*: and I attend
 thine answer.

K. Iohn. A small request: belike hee makes account,
 That *England*, *Ireland*, *Poiters*, *Aniow*, *Toraine*, *Maine*,
 Are nothing for a King to give at once:
 I wonder what he meanes to leaue for me.

Tell

Of KING IOHN.

11

Tell *Philip*, he may keepe his Lords at home,
With greater honour than to send them thus
On Embassades that not concerne himselfe,
Or if they did, would yeeld but small returne.

Chat. Is this thine answer?

K. Iohn. It is, and too good an answer for so proud a
message.

Chat. Then King of *England*, in my Masters name,
And in Prince *Arthur* Duke of *Britaines* name,
I do desie thee as an enemye,
And wish thee to prepare for bloody warres.

Q. Elianor. My Lord (that stands vpon defiance thus)
Commend me to my nephew, tell the boy,
That I Queen *Elianor* (his grandmother)
Vpon my blessing charge him leaue his Armes,
Whereto his head-strong mother pricke him so:
Her pride we know, and know her for a Dame
That will not sticke to bring him to his end,
So she may bring her selfe to rule a realme.
Next, wish him to forsake the King of *Fraunce*,
And come to me and to his vncke here,
And he shall want for nothing at our hands.

Chat. This shall I do, and thus I take my leaue.

K. Iohn. *Pembrooke*, conuey him safely to the sea,
But not in haste: for as we are aduise,
We meane to be in *Fraunce* as soone as he,
To fortifie such townes as we possesse
In *Aniow*, *Toraine*, and in *Normandie*. [Exit *Chatt.*

B 4

Enter

Enter the Shriue and whispers the Earle of Salisbury in the eare.

Sals. Please it your maiesty, here is the Shriue of Northamptonshire, with certaine persons that of late committed a riot, and haue appeald to your Maiestie, beseeching your Highnesse for speciall cause to heare them. (cause,

K. Iohn. Will them come neere, and while wee heare the *Goe Salisbury* and make prouision,

We meane with speed to passe the Sea to *Fraunce*.

Say Shriue, what are these men, what haue they done ? Or whereto tends the course of this appeale ?

Shriue. Please it your Maiestie, these two brethren vn-naturally falling at odds about their fathers liuing, haue broken your highnesse peace, in seeking to right their owne wrongs without course of Lawe, or order of Iustice; and unlawfully assembled themselves in mutinous maner, having committed a riot, appealing from triall in their country to your Highnes: and here I *Thomas Nidigate* Shriue of Northamptonshire do deliuer them ouer to their triall.

K. Iohn. My Lord of *Essex*, will thoffenders to stand forth, and tell the cause of their quarrell.

Essex. Gentlemen, it is the Kings pleasure that you discouer your griefs, and doubt not but you shal haue iustice.

Phil. Please it your Maiesty the wrong is mine: yet will I abide all wrongs, before I once open my mouth t'vnrip the shamefull slander of my parents, the dishonor

of my self, and the bad dealing of my brother in this princely assemblie.

Robert. Then, by my Prince his leaue, shall *Robert*
And tell your Maiestie what right I haue (speake,
To offer wrong, as he accounteth wrong.
My father (not vnknowne vnto your Grace)
Receiu'd his spurres of Knighthood in the Field,
At kingly *Richards* hands in *Palestine*,
Whenas the walls of *Acon* gaue him way:
His name sir *Robert Fauconbridge* of *Mountbery*.
What by succession from his Ancestors,
And warlike seruice vnder *Englands* Armes,
His liuing did amount to at his death
Two thousand markes reuenew euery yeare:
And this (my Lord) I challenge for my right,
As lawfull heire to *Robert Fauconbridge*.

Philip. If first-borne sonne be heire indubitate
By certaine right of *Englands* auntient Lawe,
How should my selfe make any other doubt,
But I am heire to *Robert Fauconbridge*?

K. Iohn. Fond youth, to trouble these our princely
Or make a question in so plaine a case: (eares,
Speake, is this man thine elder brother borne?

Robert. Please it your Grace with patience for to heare,
I not deny but he mine elder is,
Mine elder brother too: yet in such sort,
As he can make no title to the land.

K. Iohn. A doubtfull tale as euer I did heare,
Thy brother, and thine elder, and no heire:
Explaine this darke *Ænigma*.

Robert. I grant (my Lord) he is my mothers sonne,
Base borne, and base begot, no *Fauconbridge*.

Indeede the world reputes him lawfull heire,
 My father in his life did count him so,
 And here my mother stands to proue him so :
 But I (my Lord) can proue, and doe auerre
 Both to my mothers shame, and his reproach,
 He is no heire, nor yet legitimate.
 Then (gracious Lord) let *Fauconbridge* enjoy
 The living that belongs to *Fauconbridge*.
 And let not him possesse anothers right.

K. Iohn. Proue this, the land is thine by *Englands* lawe.

Q. Elian. Vngracious youth, to rip thy mothers shame,
 The wombe from whence thou didst thy being take,
 All honest eares abhorre thy wickednesse,
 But Gold I see doth beate downe Natures lawe.

Mother. My gracious Lord, and you thrice reuerend
 That see the teares distilling from mine eies, (Dame,
 And scalding sighes blowne from a rented heart :
 For honour and regard of womanhood,
 Let me intreate to be commaunded hence.
 Let not these eares heere receiue the hissing sound
 Of such a viper, who with poysoned words
 Doth masserate the bowels of my soule.

K. Iohn. Lady, stand up, be patient for awhile :
 And fellow, say, whose bastard is thy brother ?

Philip. Not for my selfe, nor for my mother now ;
 But for the honour of so braue a man,
 Whom hee accuseth with adulterie :
 Heere I beseech your Grace vpon my knees,
 To count him mad, and so dismisse vs hence.

Robert. Nor mad, nor mazde, but well aduised, I
 Charge thee before this royall presence here
 To be a bastard to King *Richards* selfe,

Sonne to your Grace, and brother to your Maiestie.
Thus bluntly, and ———

2. Elian. Yong man, thou needst not be ashamed of thy
Nor of thy Sire. But forward with thy prooffe. (kin,

Robert. The prooffe so plain, the argument so strong,
As that your Highnesse and these noble Lords,
And all (saue those that haue no eies to see)
Shall sweare him to be bastard to the King.

First, when my Father was Embassador
In *Germanie* vnto the Emperour,

The King lay often at my fathers house;
And all the realme suspected what befell:

And at my fathers back-returne agen
My mother was deliuered, as tis fed,

Sixe weeks before the account my father made.
But more than this: looke but on *Philips* face,

His features, actions, and his lineaments,
And all this princely presence shall confesse,

He is no other but King *Richards* sonne.
Then gracious Lord, rest he King *Richards* sonne,

And let me rest safe in my Fathers right,
That am his rightfull sonne and only heire.

K. Iohn. Is this thy prooffe, and all thou hast to say?

Robert. I haue no more, nor neede I greater prooffe.

K. Iohn. First, where thou saidst in absence of thy Sire
My brother often lodged in his house:

And what of that? base groome to slander him,
That honoured his Embassador so much,

In absence of the man to cheere the wife?
This will not hold, proceede vnto the next.

2. Elian. Thou saist she teemde fixe weekes before her
Why good sir Squire, are you so cunning growen, (time

To

To make account of womens reckonings?
 Spit in your hand and to your other proofes:
 Many mischances happen in such affaires,
 To make a woman come before her time.

K. Iohn. And where thou saist, he looketh like the King,
 In action, feature and proportion:
 Therein I hold with thee, for in my life
 I neuer saw so liuely counterfet
 Of *Richard Cordelion*, as in him.

Robert. Then good my Lord, be you indifferent Iudge,
 And let me have my liuing and my right.

Q. Elianor. Nay, heare you fir, you runne away too fast:
 Know you not, *Omne simile non est idem?*
 Or haue read in. Hark yee, good fir,
 Twas thus I warrant, and no otherwise,

Shee lay with fir *Robert* your father, and thought vpon
 King *Richard* my sonne, and so your brother was formed
 in this fashion.

Robert. Madame, you wrong me thus to iest it out,
 I craue my right: King *Iohn*, as thou art King,
 So be thou iust, and let me haue my right.

K. Iohn. Why (foolish boy) thy proofes are friuolous,
 Nor canst thou chalenge any thing thereby.
 But thou shalt see how I will helpe thy claime:
 This is my doome, and this my doome shall stand
 Irreuocable, as I am King of *England*.
 For thou know'st not, weele aske of them that know,
 His mother and himselfe shall end this strife:
 And as they say, so shall thy liuing passe.

Robert. My Lord, herein I challenge you of wrong,
 To giue away my right, and put the doome
 Vnto themselues. Can there be likelihood

That

That shee will loose?

Or he will giue the liuing from himselfe?

It may not be, my Lord. Why should it be?

K. Iohn. Lords, keep him back, and let him heare the doom. *Effex*, first ask the mother thrice, who was his Sire?

Effex. Lady *Margaret*, widow of *Fauconbridge*,
Who was Father to thy Sonne *Philip*?

Mother. Please it your Maiesty, Sir *Rob. Fauconbridge*.

Rob. This is right, aske my fellow there if I be a thiefe.

K. Iohn. Aske *Philip* whose sonne he is.

Effex. *Philip*, who was thy father?

Philip. Mas my Lord, and that's a question: and you had not taken some paines with her before, I should have desired you to aske my mother.

K. Iohn. Say, who was thy Father?

Philip. Faith (my Lord) to answere you, sure hee is my father that was neereft my mother when I was begotten, and him I think to be Sir *Robert Fauconbridge*.

K. Iohn. *Effex*, for fashions sake demand agen,
And so an end to this contention.

Robert. Was ever man thus wronged as *Robert* is?

Effex. *Philip* speake I say, who was thy father?

K. Iohn. Young man how now, what art thou in a trance?

Q. Elianor. *Philip* awake, the man is in a dreame.

Philip. *Philippus atavis edite Regibus.*

What saist thou *Philip*, sprung of auncient Kings?

——— *Quo me rapit tempestas?*

What winde of honour blowes this furie forth?

Or whence proceede these fumes of Maiestie?

Methinkes I hear a hollow Ecchoe found,

That *Philip* is the sonne vnto a King:

The whistling leaues vpon the trembling trees,

Whistle

Whistle in consort I am *Richards* sonne:
 The bubling murmur of the waters fall
 Records *Philippus Regius filius*:
 Birds in their flight make musicke with their wings,
 Filling the aire with glorie of my birth:
 Birds, bubbles, leaués, and mountaines, Ecchoe, all
 Ring in mine eares, that I am *Richards* sonne.
 Fond man! ah whither art thou carried?
 How are thy thoughts ywrapt in Honors heauen?
 Forgetfull what thou art, and whence thou camst.
 Thy Fathers land cannot maintain these thoughts,
 These thoughts are farre vnfitting *Fauconbridge*:
 And well they may; for why this mounting minde
 Doth soare too high to stoupe to *Fauconbridge*.
 Why how now? knowest thou where thou art?
 And knowest thou who expects thine answer here?
 Wilt thou vpon a frantick madding vaine
 Goe loose thy land, and say thy selfe base borne?
 No, keep thy land, though *Richard* were thy Sire,
 What ere thou thinkst, say thou art *Fauconbridge*.

K. Iohn. Speake man, be sodaine, who thy Father was.

Philip. Please it your Maiestie, Sir *Robert*.

Philip, that *Fauconbridge* cleaues to thy iawes:

It will not out, I cannot for my life

Say I am sonne vnto a *Fauconbridge*.

Let land and liuing goe, tis Honors fire

That makes me sweare King *Richard* was my Sire

Base to a King addes title of more State,

Than Knights begotten, though legitimate.

Please it your Grace, I am King *Richards* Sonne.

Robert

Robert. *Robert* reuiue thy heart, let sorrow die,
His faltring tongue not suffers him to lie.

Mo. What head-strong furie doth enchant my sonne?

Philip. *Philip* cannot repent, for he hath done.

K. Iohn. Then *Philip* blame not me, thy selfe hast lost
By wilfullnesse, thy liuing and thy land.

Robert, thou art the heire of *Fauconbridge*,
God giue thee ioy, greater than thy desert.

Q. Elian. Why how now *Philip*, giue away thine own?

Philip. Madame, I am bold to make myselfe you,
The poorest kinsman that your Highnesse hath: (nephew,
And with this Prouerb gin the world anew,
Help hands, I haue no lands, Honor is my desire;
Let *Philip* liue to shew himselfe worthy so great a Sire.

Q. Elian. Phil. I think thou knewst thy Grandams minde;
But cheere thee Boy, I will not see thee want
As long as *Elleanor* hath foote of land:
Henceforth thou shalt be taken for my sonne,
And waite on me and on thine vncle heere,
Who shall giue honour to thy noble mind.

K. Iohn. *Philip* kneele down, that thou maist throughly
How much thy resolution pleaseth vs, (know
Rise up Sir *Richard Plantaginet* King *Richards* Sonne.

Philip. Grant heauens that *Philip* once may shew him-
Worthy the honour of *Plantaginet*, (selfe
Or basest glorie of a Bastards name.

K. Iohn. Now, Gentlemen, we will away to *Fraunce*,
To checke the pride of *Arthur* and his mates:

Essex, thou shalt be Ruler of my Realme,
And toward the maine charges of my warres,
Ile ceaze the lasie Abbey lubbers lands
Into my hands to pay my men of warre.

The

The Pope and Popelings shall not greafe themselves
 With gold and groates, that are the souldiers due.
 Thus forward Lords, let our commaund be done,
 And march we forward mightily to *Fraunce*. [*Exeunt.*]

Mauent Philip and his Mother.

Philip. Madame, I beseech you deigne me so much
 leasure as the hearing of a matter that I long to impart
 to you.

Mother. What's the matter *Philip*? I think your suit
 in secret, tends to some money matter, which you sup-
 pose burns in the bottom of my chest.

Philip. No Madame, it is no such suit as to beg or bor-
 But such a suit, as might some other grant, (row
 I would not now have troubled you withall.

Mother. A Gods name let vs heare it.

Philip. Then Madame thus, your Ladiship sees well,
 How that my scandal growes by meanes of you,
 In that report hath rumord vp and downe,
 I am a bastard, and no *Fauconbridge*.
 This grosse attaint so tilteth in my thoughts,
 Maintaining combat to abridge mine ease,
 That field and towne, and company alone,
 What so I do, or wherefoere I am,
 I cannot chafe the slaunder from my thoughts.
 If it be true, resolute me of my fire,
 For pardon, Madame, if I think amisse.
 Be *Philip Philip*, and no *Fauconbridge*,
 His father doubtlesse was as braue a man.
 To you on knees, as sometime *Phaeton*,
 Mistrusting fielly *Merop* for his fire,

Straining

Straining a little bashfull modestie,
I beg some instance whence I am extraught.

Mother. Yet more adoe to haste me to my graue,
And wilt thou too become a mothers crosse?
Must I accuse my selfe to close with you?
Slaunder my selfe, to quiet your affects?
Thou moust me *Philip* with this idle talke,
Which I remit, in hope this mood will die.

Philip. Nay, Lady mother, heare me further yet,
For strong conceit drives duty hence awhile:
Your husband, *Fauconbridge*, was father to that sonne,
That carries markes of nature like the fire,
The sonne that blotteth you with wedlockes breach,
And holds my right as lineal in descent
From him whose forme was figured in his face.
Can Nature so dissemble in her frame,
To make the one so like as like may be,
And in the other print no character
To challenge any marke of true descent?
My brothers mind is base, and too too dull,
To mount where *Philip* lodgeth his affects
And his externall graces that you viewe,
(Though I report it) counterpoise not mine:
His constitution plaine debilitie,
Requires the chaire, and mine the seat of Steele.
Nay, what is he, or what am I to him?
When any one that knoweth how to carpe,
Will scarcely iudge us both one countrey borne.
This, Madame, this, hath droue me from my selfe:
And here by heauens eternal lampes I sweare,
As cursed *Nero* with his mother did,
So I with you, if you resolue me not.

C

Math.

12 *The Troublesome RAIGNE*

Moth. Let mothers teares quench out thy angers fire,
And vrge no further what thou doest require.

Phil. Let sonnes intreatie sway the mother now,
Or else she dies: Ile not infringe my vow.

Moth. Vnhappy taske: must I recount my shame,
Blab my misdeeds, or by concealing die?
Some power strike me speechless for a time,
Or take from him awhile his hearings use.

Why with I so, vnhappy as I am?
The fault is mine, and he the faultie fruit,
Blush, I faint, oh would I might be mute.

Phil. Mother be brieft, I long to know my name.

Moth. And longing die, to shroud thy mothers shame.

Phil. Come Madame come, you need not be so loath,
The shame is shared equall twixt vs both.
Not a slackenesse in me, worthy blame,
To be so old, and cannot write my name?
Good mother resolue me.

Moth. Then *Philip* heare thy fortune, and my grieve,
Thy honours losse by purchase of thy selfe,
Thy shame, thy name, and husbands secret wrong,
All maimd and staind by youths vnruely sway.
And when thou know'st from whence thou art extraught,
Or if thou knew'st what suites, what threats, what feares,
To moue by loue, or massacre by death,
To yeeld with loue, or end by lous contempt
The mightinesse of him that courted me,
Who tempered terror with his wanton talke,
That something may extenuate the guilt.
But let it not aduantage me so much:
Rebraid me rather with the Romane dame
That shed her blood to wash away her shame.

Why

OF KING IOHN.

Why stand I to expostulate the crime
With *pro & contra*, now the deed is done?
When to conclude two words may tell the tale,
That *Philips* father was a princes sonne:
Rich *Englands* rule, worlds onely terror he,
For honors losse left me with child of thee:
Whose sonne thou art, then pardon me the rather,
For fair King *Richard* was thy noble father.

Phil. Then *Robin Fauconbridge* I wish thee ioy,
My sire a King, and I a landlesse boy.
Gods lady mother, the world is in my debt,
There's something owing to *Plantaginet*.
I marry sir, let me alone for game,
He act some wonders now I know my name.
By blessed *Mary* He not fell that pride
For *Englands* wealth, and all the world beside.
Sit fast the proudest of my fathers foes,
Away good mother, there the comfort goes. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Philip the French King, and Lewis, Limoges,
Constance, and her sonne Arthur.*

K. Phil. Now gin we broach the title of thy claim
Young *Arthur*, in the Albion territories,
Skaring proud *Angiers* with a puissant siege:
Braue *Austria*, cause of *Cordelions* death,
Is also come to aide thee in thy warres;
And all our Forces ioyne for *Arthurs* right.
And, but for causes of great consequence,
Pleading delay till newes from *England* come,
Twice should not *Titan* hide him in the West,
To coole the fet-locks of his wearie teame,
Till I had with an vnresisted shocke

Controll the mannage of prowd *Angiers* walls,
Or made a forfet of my fame to chaunce.

Const. May be that *Iohn* in conscience or in feare
To offer wrong where you impugne the ill,
Will send such calme conditions backe to *Fraunce*,
As shall rebate the edge of fearefull warres:
If so, forbearance is a deed well done.

Arth. Ah mother, possession of a Crowne is much,
And *Iohn* as I have heard reported of,
For present vantage will aduenture farre.
The world can witnesse, in his Brothers time,
He took upon him rule, and almost raigne:
Then must it follow as a doubtfull point,
That hee'l resigne the rule vnto his Nephew.
I rather thinke the menace of the world,
Sounds in his eares, as threats of no esteeme,
And sooner would he scorne *Europa's* power,
Then loose the smallest title he enjoys;
For questionless he is an Englishman.

Lewis. Why are the English peerelesse in compare?
Braue Cavaliers as ere that Island bred,
Haue liu'd and di'd, and dar'd, and done enough,
Yet neuer grac'd their countrey for the cause:
England is *England*, yeelding good and bad,
And *Iohn* of *England* is as other *Iohns*.
Trust me young *Arthur*, if thou like my reed,
Praise thou the *French* that help thee in this need.

Limog. The *Englishman* hath little cause I trowe,
To spend good speeches on so proud a foe.
Why *Arthur* here's his spoyle that now is gone,
Who when he liu'd outrou'd his brother *Iohn*:

But

But hastie cures that lie so long to catch,
Come halting home, and meete their ouer-match.
But news comes now, here's the Embassador.

Enter Chattilion.

K. Phil. And in good time, welcome my Lord *Chattilion*—
What newes? will *Iohn* accord to our command? (*lion*:

Chat. Be I not brieft to tell your highnesse all,
He will approach to interrupt my tale:
For one selfe bottome brought vs both to *Fraunce*.
He on his part will trie the chance of warre,
And if his words inferre assured truth,
Will loose himselfe, and all his followers,
Ere yeeld unto the least of your demands.
The mother Queene she taketh on amaine
Gainst Lady *Constance*, counting her the cause
That doth Effect this claime to *Albion*,
Coniuring *Arthur* with a grandames care,
To leaue his mother; willing him submit
His state to *Iohn*, and her protection,
Who (as she saith) are studious for his good.
More circumstance the season intercepts:
This is the summe, which briefly I have showne.

K. Phil. This bitter wind must nip some-bodies spring:
Sodaine and brieft, why so, tis haruest weather.
But say, *Chattilion*, what persons of account are with him?

Chat. Of *England*, Earle *Pembroke* and *Salisbury*,
The onely noted men of any name.
Next them, a bastard of the Kings deceast,
A hardie wild-head, tough and venturous,
With many other men of high resolute.

C 2

Then

Then is there with them *Elianor* Mother Queene,
And *Blanch* her Neece, daughter to the King of Spaine :
These are the prime birds of this hot aduenture.

*Enter King Iohn and his followers, Queene Elianor, Philip
the Bastard, Earles, &c.*

K. Phil. Me seemeth *Iohn*, an ouer-daring spirit
Effects some frensie in thy rash approach,
Treading my Confines with thy armed troupes.
I rather lookt for some submisse reply
Touching the claime thy Nephew *Arthur* makes
To that which thou unjustly dost vsurpe.

K. Iohn. For that *Chattilion* can discharge you all,
I list not pleade my title with my tongue.
Nor came I hither with intent of wrong
To *Fraunce* or thee, or any right of thine ;
But in defence and purchase of my right,
The towne of *Angiers* : which thou dost begirt
In the behalfe of Lady *Constance* sonne,
Whereto nor he nor she can lay iust claime.

Const. Yes (false intruder) if that iust be iust,
And head-strong vsurpation put apart,
Arthur my Sonne, heire to thy elder brother,
Without ambiguous shadow of discent,
Is Soueraigne to the substance thou withholdst.

Q. Elian. Misgouernd gossip, staine to this resort,
Occasion of these vndecided iarres,
I say (that know) to checke thy vaine suppose,
Thy sonne hath nought to do with that he claimes.
For prooffe whereof, I can inferre a Will,
That barres the way he vrgeth by discent.

Const.

Const. A Will indeed, a crabbed womans will,
Wherein the diuell is an ouerfeer,
And prowd dame *Elleanor* sole Executresse:
More wills than so, on perill of my soule,
Were neuer made to hinder *Arthurs* right.

Arth. But say there was, as sure there can be none,
The Law intends such testaments as void,
Where right discent can no way be impeacht.

Q. Elian. Peace *Arthur* peace, thy mother makes thee
To soare with perill after *Icarus*, (wings
And trust me yongling for the Fathers sake,
I pity much the hazard of thy youth.

Const. Beshrew you else how pittifull you are,
Ready to weepe to hear him aske his owne;
Sorrow betide such Grandames and such grieve,
That minister a Poyson for pure loue,
But who so blind, as cannot see this beame,
That you forsooth would keepe your cousin downe,
For feare his mother should be vs'd too well?
I there's the grieve, confusion catch the braine,
That hammers shifts to stop a Princes raigne.

Q. Elian. Impatient, franticke, common slaunderer,
Immodest dame, vnnurtur'd quarreller,
I tell thee I, not enuie to thy sonne,
But iustice makes me speake as I haue done.

K. Phil. But here's no proofe that shews your son a king;

K. Jo. What wants, my sword shal more at large set down

Lew. But that may break before the truth be known.

Phil. Then this may hold till all his right be showne.

Lim. Good words sir sauce, your betters are in place.

Phil. Not you sir doughtie, with your Lyons case.

Blanch.

Blanch. Ah ioy betide his soul, to whom that spoyle
Ah *Richard*, how thy glory here is wrong'd. (belong'd:

Lim. Me thinks that *Richards* pride and *Richards* fall,
Should be a president t'affright you all.

Phil. What words are these? how do my sinews shake?

My fathers foe clad in my fathers spoyle,
A thousand furies kindle with reuenge

This heart that choller keepes a consistorie,
Searing my inwards with a brand of hate:

How doth *AlecTo* whisper in mine eares,

Delay not *Philip*, kill the villaine straight,

Disrobe him of the matchlesse monument

Thy fathers triumph ore the Sauages?

Base heardgroom, coward, peasant, worse than a threshing

What mak'st thou with the Trophie of a King? (slawe

Sham'st thou not coyftrell, loathsome dunghill swad,

To grace thy carkasse with an ornament

Too pretious for a Monarkes couerture?

Scarce can I temper due obedience

Vnto the presence of my Soueraigne,

From acting outrage on this trunk of hate:

But arme thee traytor, wronger of renowne,

For by his soule I sweare, my fathers soule,

Twise will I not reuiue the mornings rise,

Till I haue torne that trophie from thy backe,

And split thy heart for wearing it so long.

Philip hath sworne, and if it be not done,

Let not the world repute me *Richards* sonne.

Lim. Nay soft sir bastard, hearts are not split so soone,

Let them reioyce that at the end doe win:

And take this lesson at thy foe-mans hand,

Pawne not thy life to get thy Fathers skin.

Blanch.

Blanch. Wel may the world speake of his knightly valor,
That wins this hide to weare a Ladies fauour.

Phil. Ill may I thriue, and nothing brooke with me,
If shortly I present it not to thee.

K. Phil. Lordings forbear, for time is comming fast,
That deeds may trie what words can not determine,
And to the purpose for the cause you come.

Me seemes you set right in chaunce of warre,
Yeelding no other reasons for your claime,
But so and so, because it shall be so.

So wrong shall be subornd by trust of strength :

A tyrants practise to inuest himselfe,
Where weake resistance giueth wrong the way.

To checke the which, in holy lawfull armes,

I, in the right of *Arthur*, *Geffreys* sonne,

Am come before this city of *Angiers*,

To barre all other false supposed claime,

From whence, or howsoere the error springs.

And in his quarrel on my princely word,

Ile fight it out unto the latest man.

K. Iohn. Know King of *Fraunce*, I will not be com-
By any power or prince in Christendome, (manded

To yeelde an instance how I hold mine owne,

More than to answere, that mine owne is mine,

But wilt thou see me parley with the towne,

And heare them offer me allegiance,

Fealtie and homage, as true liege men ought?

K. Phil. Summon them, I will not beleue it till I see it.
and when I see it, Ile soone change it.

They

They summon the Towne, the Citizens appeare upon the walls.

K. Iohn. You men of *Angiers*, and as I take it my loiall subiects, I haue summoned you to the walls: to dispute on my right, were to thinke you doubtfull therein, which I am perswaded you are not. In few words, our brothers sonne, backt with the king of *Fraunce*, haue beleagred your towne vpon a false pretended title to the same: in defence whereof I your liege Lord haue brought our power to fence you from the Vsurper, to free your intended seruitude, and utterly to supplant the foemen, to my right and your rest. Say then, who keep you the town for?

Citiz. For our lawfull King.

K. Iohn. I was no lesse perswaded: then in Gods name open your gates, and let me enter.

Citiz. And it please your Highnes we comptroll not your title, neither will we rashly admit your entrance: if you be lawfull King, with all obedience we keep it to your use, if not King, our rashnes to be impeached for yielding, without more considerate triall: wee answer not as men lawlesse, but to the behoofe of him that prooues lawfull.

K. Iohn. I shall not come in then?

Citiz. No my Lord, till we know more.

K. Phil. Then heare me speak in the behalfe of *Arthur* sonne of *Geffrey*, elder brother to *Iohn*, his title manifest, without contradiction, to the crowne and kingdom of *England*, with *Angiers*, and diuers townes on this side the sea: wil you acknowledge him your liege Lord, who speaketh in my word, to entertain you with all fauours, as beseemeth a King to his subiects, or a friend

to

to his wellwillers : or stand to the peril of your contempt, when his title is proued by the sword.

Citiz. We answer as before, till you haue proued one right, we acknowledge none right; he that tries himselfe our Soueraigne, to him wil we remaine firme subiects, and for him, and in his right we hold our towne, as desirous to know the truth, as loth to subscribe before we know : more than this we cannot say, and more than this we dare not do.

K. Phil. Then *Iohn* I defy thee, in the name and behalfe of *Arthur Plantaginet*, thy king and cousin, whose right and patrimony thou detainest, as I doubt not, ere the day end, in a set battle make thee confesse; whereunto, with a zeal to right, I challenge thee.

K. Iohn. I accept thy challenge, and turne the defiance to thy throat.

Excursions. *The Bastard chaseth Limoges the Austrich Duke, and maketh him leaue the Lyons skin.*

Phil. And art thou gone misfortune haunt thy steps,
And chill cold feare assaile thy times of rest.
Morpheus leaue here thy silent Eban caue,
Besiege his thoughts with dismal fantasies,
And ghastly obiects of pale threatning *Mors*.
Affright him euery minute with stearne looks,
Let shadow temper terror in his thoughts,
And let the terror make the coward mad,
And in his madnesse let him feare pursuit,
And so in frensie let the peasant die.
Here is the ransome that allaies his rage,
The first freehold that *Richard* left his sonne :

With

With which I shall surprize his liuing foes,
As *Hectors* statue did the fainting *Greekes*.

[*Exit.*]

Enter the Kings Herolds with Trumpets to the wals of Angiers: they summon the Towne.

Eng. Her. *Iohn* by the grace of God King of England, Lord of Ireland, Aniou, Toraine, &c. demandeth once again of you his subiects of *Angiers*, if you wil quietly surrender up the towne into his hands?

Fr. Her. Philip by the grace of God King of *Fraunce*, demaundeth in the behalfe of *Arthur* Duke of *Britaine*, if you will surrender vp the towne into his hands, to the vse of the said *Arthur*.

Citizens. Herolds go tell the two victorious Princes, that we the poor Inhabitants of *Angiers*, require a parley of their Maiesties.

Herolds. We goe.

Enter the Kings, Queene Elianor, Blanch, Philip the Bastard, Limoges, Lewis, Chattilion, Pembroke, Salisbury, Constance, and Arthur.

K. Iohn. Herold, what answer do the Townsmen send?

Philip. Will *Angiers* yeeld to *Philip* King of *Fraunce*?

Eng. Her. The townsmen on the wals accept your Grace.

Fr. Her. And craue a parley of your Maiesty.

K. Iohn. You citizens of *Angiers*, haue you eyes
Beheld the slaughter that our *English* bowes
Haue made vpon the coward fraudfull *French*?
And haue you wisely pondred therewithall
Your gaine in yeelding to the *English* King?

Lewis

K. Phil. Their losse in yeelding to the *English* King.
But *Iohn*, they saw from out their highest towers
The Cheualiers of *Fraunce* and crosse-bow-shot
Make lanes of slaughtered bodies through thine hoast,
And are resolu'd to yeeld to *Arthurs* right. (wals,

K. Iohn. Why *Philip*, though thou braust it fore the
Thy conscience knowes that *Iohn* hath wonne the field.

K. Phil. What ere my conscience knowes, thy army
That *Philip* had the better of the day. [feeles

Phil. *Philip* indeed had got the Lions case,
Which here he holds to *Limoges* disgrace.
Base Duke to flie and leaue such spoiles behind :
But this thou knewst of force to make me stay.

It farde with thee as with the mariner,
Spying the hugie Whale, whose monstrous bulke
Doth beare the waues like mountaines fore the wind,
That throws out emptie uessels, so to stay
His fury, while the ship doth sayle away.

Philip 'tis thine: and fore this princely presence,
Madame, I humbly lay it at your feete,
Being the first aduenture I atchieu'd,
And first exploite your Grace did me enioyne :
Yet many more I long to be enioyn'd.

Blanch. *Philip* I take it, and I thee command
To weare the same as earst thy father did :
Therewith receiue this fauour at my hands,
T'incourage thee to follow *Richards* fame.

Arth. Ye Citizens of *Angiers* are ye mute ?
Arthur or *Iohn*, say which shall be your King ?

Citizen. We care not which, if once we knew the right:
But till we know, we will not yeeld our right.

Phil. Might *Philip* counsell two so mightie Kings,

As are the Kings of *Englana* and of *Fraunce*,
 He would aduise your Graces to vnite
 And knit your forces gainst these citizens,
 Pulling their battred wals about their eares.
 The towne once wonne, then striue about the claime,
 For they are minded to delude you both.

Citiz. Kings, Princes, Lords and Knights assembled
 The Citizens of *Angiers* all by me (here,
 Entreate your Maiestie to heare them speake :
 And as you like the motion they shall make,
 So to account and follow their aduice.

K. Iohn. K. Phil. Speake on, we giue thee leaue.

Citiz. Then thus: whereas the young and lusty knight
 Incites you on to knit your kingly strengths:
 The motion cannot chuse but please the good,
 And such as loue the quiet of the State.
 But how my Lords, how shold your strengths be knit?
 Not to oppresse your subiects and your friends,
 And fill the world with brawles and mutinies:
 But vnto peace your forces should be knit
 To liue in Princely league and amitie:
 Doe this, the gates of *Angiers* shall giue way,
 And stand wide open to your hearts content.
 To make this peace a lasting bond of loue,
 Remains one onely honourable meanes,
 Which by your pardon I shall here display.
Lewis the Dolphin and the heire of *Fraunce*,
 A man of noted valour through the world,
 Is yet unmarried: let him take to wife
 The beauteous daughter of the King of *Spaine*,
 Neece to *K. Iohn*, the louely Lady *Blanch*,
 Begotten on his sister *Elleanor*.

With

With her in marriage will her vnkle giue
Castles and towers, as fitteth such a match.
The Kings thus ioynd in league of perfect loue,
They may so deale with *Arthur* Duke of *Britaine*,
Who is but young, and yet vnmeet to raigne,
As he shall stand contented euery way.
Thus haue I boldly (for the common good)
Deliuered what the Citie gaue in charge.
And as upon conditions you agree,
So shall we stand content to yeeld the towne.

Arth. A proper peace, if such a motion hold;
These Kings beare armes for me, and for my right,
And they shall share my lands to make them friends.

Q. Elian. Sonne *Iohn*, follow this motion, as thou lo-
uest thy mother.

Make league with *Philip*, yeeld to any thing:
Lewis shall haue my neece, and then be sure
Arthur shall haue small succour out of *Fraunce*.

K. Iohn. Brother of *Fraunce*, you heare the Citizens:
Then tell me, how you meane to deale herein.

Const. Why *Iohn*, what canst thou giue unto thy neece,
That hast no foote of land, but *Arthurs* right?

Lew. Birlady Citizens, I like your choyce,
A louely damsell is the lady *Blanch*,
Worthy the heire of *Europe* for her pheere.

Const. What Kings, why stand you gazing in a trance?
Why how now Lords? accursed Citizens
To fill and tickle their ambitious eares,
With hope of gaine, that springs from *Arthurs* losse.
Some dismall Planet at thy birth-day raign'd,
For now I see the fall of all thy hopes.

K. Phil. Ladie, and Duke of *Britaine*, know you both,
The king of *Fraunce* respects his honor more,
Than to betray his friends and fauourers.
Princesse of Spaine, could you affect my Sonne,
If we upon conditions could agree?

Phil. Swounds Madam, take an *English* Gentleman?
Slaue as I was, I thought to have mou'd the match.
Grandame you made me halfe a promise once,
That ladie *Blanch* should bring me wealth inough,
And make me heire of store of *English* land.

Q. Elian. Peace *Philip*, I will looke thee out a wife,
We must with policie compound this strife.

Phil. If *Lewis* get her, well, I say no more:
But let the frolicke *Frenchman* take no scorne,
If *Philip* front him with an *English* horne.

K. Iohn. Ladie, what answer make you to the King of
Can you affect the Dolphin for your Lord? (*Fraunce?*)

Blanch. I thank the King that likes of me so well,
To make me Bride unto so great a Prince:
But giue me leaue my Lord to pause on this,
Least being too too forward in the cause,
It may be blemish to my modestie.

Q. Elian. Sonne *Iohn*, and worthy *Philip* K. of *Fraunce*,
Do you confer awhile about the Dower,
And I will schoole my Modest Neece so well,
That she shall yeeld as soon as you haue done.

Constance. I, there's the wretch that brocheth all this il,
Why flie I not vpon the Beldams face,
And with my nayles pull forth her hatefull eyes?

Arthur. Sweet mother cease these hastie madding fits:
For my sake, let my Grandame haue her will.
O would she with her hands pull forth my heart,
I could afford it to appease these broyles.

But

But (mother) let vs wisely wink at all,
Least farther harmes ensue our hastie speech.

K. Phil. Brother of *England*, what dowrie wilt thou giue
Vnto my sonne in marriage with thy neece?

K. Iohn. First *Philip* knows her dowrie out of *Spaine*,
To be so great as may content a King:
But more to mend and amplifie the same,
I giue in money thirtie thousand markes.
For land I leaue it to thine owne demand.

K. Phil. Then I demand *Volquesson*, *Torain*, *Main*,
Poitiers and *Aniou*, these fise Prouinces,
Which thou as King of *England* holdst in *Fraunce*:
Then shall our peace be soone concluded on.

Phil. No lesse then fise such Prouinces at once?

K. Iohn. Mother what shall I do? my brother got these
With much effusion of our *English* blood: (lands:
And shall I giue it all away at once?

Q. Elian. *Iohn* giue it him, so shalt thou liue in peace,
And keep the residue sans ieopardie.

K. Iohn. *Philip*, bring forth thy sonne, here is my neece,
And here in marriage I do giue with her
From me and my successors, *English* Kings,
Volquesson, *Poiters*, *Aniou*, *Torain*, *Main*,
And thirtie thousand markes of stipend coyne.
Now citizens, how like you of this match?

Citiz. We ioy to see so sweete a peace begun.

Lewis. *Lewis* with *Blanch* shall euer liue content.
But now King *Iohn*, what say you to the Duke?
Father, speake as you may in his behalfe.

K. Phil. *K. Iohn*, be good unto thy nephew here;
And giue him somewhat that shall please you best.

K. Iohn. Arthur, although thou troublest *Englands*
 Yet here I giue thee *Britaine* for thine owne, (peace,
 Together with the Earledome of *Richmont*,
 And this rich citie of *Angiers* withall.

Q. Elian. And if thou seeke to please thine Vncle *Iohn*
 Shalt see my sonne how I will make of thee.

K. Iohn. Now euery thing is sorted to this end,
 Lets in, and there prepare the marriage rites.
 Which in *St. Maries* Chappel presently
 Shall be performed ere this prefence part. [Exeunt.

Manent Constance and Arthur.

Arth. Madame good cheere, these drouping languish-
 Add no redress to salue our awkward haps, (ments
 If heavens haue concluded these euents,
 To small auaille is bitter pensiueneſs :
 Seasons will change, and so our present greefe
 May change with them, and all to our releefe.

Const. Ah boy, thy eares I see are farre too greene
 To looke into the bottome of these cares.
 But I, who see the poyſe that weigheth downe
 Thy weale, my wish, and all the willing meanes
 Wherewith thy fortune and thy fame should mount—
 What ioy, what ease, what rest can lodge in me,
 With whom all hope and hap do disagree ?

Arth. Yet ladies teares, and cares, and solemn shewes,
 Rather than helpes, heape vp more worke for woes.

Const. If any power will heare a widowes plaint,
 That from a wounded soule implores reuenge ;
 Send fell contagion to infect this clime,
 This cursed countrey, where the traitors breath,
 Whose periurie (as proud *Briareus*,)
 Beleaguers all the skie with mis-beleefe.

He

He promist *Arthur*, and he fware it too,
 To fence thy right, and check thy fo-mans pride :
 But now black-spotted periurie as he is,
 He takes a truce with *Elianos* damned brat,
 And marries *Lewis* to her louely neece,
 Sharing thy fortune, and thy birth-dayes gift
 Between these lovers : ill betide the match.
 And as they shoulder thee from out thine owne,
 And triumph in a widowes tearefull cares :
 So heauens crosse them with a thriftlesse course.
 Is all the bloud yspilt on either part,
 Closing the cranies of the thirstie earth,
 Growne to a loue-game and a bridall feast ?
 And must thy birth-right bid the wedding banes ?
 Poore helpelesse boy, hopelesse and helpelesse too,
 To whom misfortune seems no yoake at all,
 Thy stay, thy state, thy imminent mishaps
 Woundeth thy mothers thoughts with feeling care,
 Why lookst thou pale ? the colour flies thy face :
 I trouble now the fountaine of thy youth,
 And make it muddie with my doles discourse,
 Goe in with me, reply not louely boy,
 We must obscure this mone with melodie,
 Least worser wrack ensue our male-content, [Exeunt.

*Enter the King of England, the King of France, Arthur,
 Phil. the Bastard, Lewis, Limoges, Constance, Blanch,
 Chattilion, Pembroke, Salisburie, and Elianor.*

K. Iohn. This is the day, the long-desired day,
 Wherein the Realmes of *England* and of *Fraunce*
 Stand highly blessed in a lasting peace.
 Thrice happy is the Bridegroome and the Bride,

From

From whose sweet bridall such a concord springs,
To make of mortall foes immortal friends.

Const. Vngodly peace made by anothers warre.

Phil. Vnhappie peace, that ties thee from reuenge,
Rouze thee *Plantaginet*, liue not to see
The Butcher of the great *Plantaginet*.
Kings, Princes, and ye Peers of either realmes,
Pardon my rashnes, and forgiue the zeale
That carries me in furie to a deede
Of high desert, of honour, and of armes.
A boone, (O Kings) a boone doth *Philip* begge
Prostrate upon his knee: which knee shall cleaue
Vnto the superficies of the earth,

Till *Fraunce* and *England* grant this glorious boone.

K. Iohn. Speake *Philip*, *England* grants thee thy request.

K. Phil. And France confirms what ere is in his Power.

Phil. Then Duke sit fast, I leuell at thy head,
Too base a ransome for my fathers life.
Princes I craue the combate with the Duke
That braues it in dishonour of my fire.
Your words are past, nor can you now reuerse,
The princely promise that reuiues my soul,
Whereat me thinkes I see his sinews shake:
This is the boone (dread Lords) which granted once
Or life or death are pleasant to my soule;
Since I shall liue and die in *Richards* right.

Lim. Base bastard, misbegotten of a King,
To interrupt these holy nuptiall rites
With brawles and tumults to a Dukes disgrace;
Let it suffice, I scorne to ioine in fight,
With one so fare vnequall to my selfe.

Phil. A fine excuse, Kings if you will be Kings,
Then keepe your words, and let us combate it.

K. Iohn.

K. Iohn. *Philip*, we cannot force the Duke to fight,
 Being a subiect vnto neither realme :
 But tell me *Austria*, if an *English* Duke
 Should dare thee thus, wouldst thou accept the challenge?

Lim. Else let the world account the *Austrich* Duke
 The greatest coward liuing on the eart'.

K. Iohn. Then cheere thee *Philip*, *Iohn* will keep his
 Kneele downe, in sight of *Philip* King of *Fraunce*, (word,
 And all these princely lords assembled here,
 I gird thee with the sword of *Normandie*,
 And of that land I do inuest thee Duke :
 So shalt thou be in liuing and in land
 Nothing inferiour vnto *Austria*.

Lim. K. Iohn, I tell thee flatly to thy face,
 Thou wrong'st mine honour : and that thou mai'st see
 How much I scorne thy new made Duke and thee,
 I flatly say, I will not be compeld :
 And so farewell fir Duke of low degree,
 Ile find a time to match you for this geare. [Exit.

K. Iohn. Stay *Philip*, let him goe, the honours thine.

Phil. I cannot liue unless his life be mine.

Q. Elian. Thy forwardnes this day hath ioy'd my soule,
 And made me think my *Richard* liues in thee.

K. Phil. Lordings let's in, and spend the wedding day
 In maskes and triumphs, letting quarrels cease.

Enter a Cardinal from Rome.

Pand. Stay King of *Fraunce*, I charge thee ioyne not
 With him that stands accurst of God and men. (hands

Know *Iohn*, that I *Pandulph* Cardinall of *Millaine*, and
 Legate from the See of *Rome*, demand of thee in the name
 of our holy father the Pope *Innocent*, why thou dost (con-
 trary

trary to the lawes of our holy mother the church, and our holy father the Pope) disturb the quiet of the church, and disanull the election of *Stephen Langton*, whom his holinesse hath elected Archbishop of *Canterburie*: this in his holinesse name I demand of thee ?

K. Iohn. And what hast thou or the Pope thy master to do to demand of me, how I imploy mine own ? Know sir priest, as I honor the church and holy church-men, so I scorn to be subiect to the greatest prelate in the world. Tell thy master so from me, and say, *Iohn of England* said it, that neuer an *Italian* priest of them all, shall either haue tythe, tole, or polling penny out of *England* ; but as I am King, so will I raigne next under God, supream head both ouer spiritual and temporall: and he that contradicts me in this, Ile make him hop headlesse.

K. Phil. What *K. Iohn*, know what you say, thus to blaspheme against our holy father the Pope ?

K. Iohn. Philip, though thou and all the Princes of Christendome suffer themselues to be abus'd by a prelates slavery, my mind is not of such base temper. If the Pope will be King of *England*, let him win it with the sword, I know no other title he can alleadge to mine inheritance.

Pand. Iohn, this is thine answer ?

K. Iohn. What then ?

Pand. Then I *Pandulph* of *Padua*, Legate from the Apostolike See, do in the name of Saint *Peter* and his successor our holy father Pope *Innocent*, pronounce thee accursed, discharging euery of thy subiects of all dutie and fealtie that they do owe to thee, and pardon and forgiveness of sinne to those or them whatsoeuer, which shall carrie armes against thee, or murder thee: This I pronounce and charge all good men to abhorre thee as an excommunicate person.

K. Iohn.

K. Iohn. So fir, the more the foxe is curs'd the better a fares, if God bleffe me and my land, let the Pope and his shauelings curse and spare not.

Pand. Furthermore, I charge thee *Philip K. of Fraunce*, and all the kings and princes of Christendome, to make warre upon this miscreant: and whereas thou hast made a league with him, and confirmed it by oath, I do in the name of our foresaid father the Pope, acquit thee of that oath, as vnlawfull, being made with an heretick; howe sai'st thou *Philip*, do'st thou obey?

K. Iohn. Brother of *Fraunce*, what say you to the Cardinall?

K. Phil. I say, I am sorry for your Maiestie, requesting you to submit yourselfe to the church of *Rome*.

K. Iohn. And what say you to our league, if I do not submit?

K. Phil. What should I say? I must obey the Pope.

K. Iohn. Obey the Pope, and breake your oath to God?

K. Phil. The Legate hath absolu'd me of mine oath: Then yeelde to *Rome*, or I defie thee here.

K. Iohn. Why *Philip*, I defie the Pope and thee, False as thou art, and periur'd King of *Fraunce*, Vnworthy man to be accounted King.

Giu'st thou thy sword into a prelates hands?

Pandulph, where I of Abbots, Monkes and Friers

Haue taken somewhat to maintaine my wars,

Now will I take no more but all they haue.

Ile rouze the lazy lubers from their cels,

And in despite Ile send them to the Pope.

Mother come you with me, and for the rest

That will not follow *Iohn* in this attempt,

Confusion light upon their damned soules.

Come Lords, fight for your K. that fighteth for your good.

Phil.

K. Phil. And are they gone? thy selfe shalt see
How *Fraunce* will fight for *Rome* and romish rites.
Nobles to armes, let him not passe the seas,
Let's take him captiue, and in triumph lead
The King of *England* to the gates of *Rome*.

Arthur bestirre thee man, and thou shalt see
What *Philip* King of *Fraunce* will do for thee.

Blanch. And will your Grace upon your wedding day
For sake your bride, and follow dreadfull drums?
Nay, good my Lord, stay you at home with me.

Lew. Sweetheart content thee, and wee shall agree.

K. Phil. Follow my Lords, Lord Cardinall lead the way,
Drums shal be musicke to this wedding day. [Exeunt.]

Excursions. *Philip the Bastard pursues Austria, and kils him.*

Phil. Thus hath *K. Richards* son performed his vowes,
And offred *Austria's* blood for sacrifice
Vnto his fathers euerliuing soule.
Braue Cordelion, now my heart doth say,
I haue deseru'd, though not to be thine heire,
Yet as I am, thy base begotten sonne,
A name as pleasing to thy *Philips* heart,
As to be cald the Duke of *Normandie*.
Lie there a prey to euery rau'ning fowle:
And as my father triumpht in thy spoyles,
And trode thine ensignes underneath his feet,
So do I tread upon thy cursed selfe,
And leaue thy body to the fowles for food. [Exit.]

Excursions. *Arthur, Constance, Lewis, hauing taken Queen
Elianaor Prisoner.*

Const. Thus hath the God of Kings with conquering
Dispearst the foes to true succession, (arme
Proud,

Of KING IOHN.

71

Proud, and disturber of thy countries peace,
Constance doth liue to tame thine insolence,
And on thy head will now auenged be
For all the mischiefs hatched in thy braine.

Q. Elian. Contemptuous Dame, unreuerent dutches
thou,

To braue so great a Queene as *Elianor*,
Base scold, hast thou forgot, that I was wife
And mother to three mightie *English* Kings?
I charge thee then, and you forsooth sir boy,
To set your Grandmother at libertie.

And yeeld to *Iohn* your Vncle and your King.

Const. 'Tis not thy words proud Queene shall carry it.

Elian. Nor yet thy threatens, proud Dame, shall daunt
my mind.

Arth. Sweete Grandame, and good mother leaue these
braules,

Elian. Ile find a time to triumph in thy fall.

Const. My time is now to triumph in thy fall,
And thou shalt know that *Constance* will triumph.

Arth. Good mother, weigh it is Queene *Elianor*,
Though she be captiue, use her like her selfe.
Sweet Grandame beare with what my mother sayes,
Your Highnesse shall be used honourably.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. *Lewis* my Lord, Duke *Arthur*, and the rest,
To armes in hast, K. *Iohn* relies his men,
And ginnes the fight afresh: and sweares withall
To loose his life, or set his mother free.

Lewis. *Arthur* away, 'tis time to looke about.

E

Elian.

K. Phil. And are they gone? thy selfe shalt see
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 For all the mischiefs hatched in thy braine.

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To braue so great a Queene as *Elienor*,
 Base scold, hast thou forgot, that I was wife
 And mother to three mightie *English* Kings?
 I charge thee then, and you forsooth sir boy,
 To set your Grandmother at libertie.

And yeeld to *Iohn* your Vncle and your King.

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 And ginnes the fight afresh: and sweares withall
 To loose his life, or set his mother free.

Lewis. *Arthur* away, 'tis time to looke about.

E

Elian.

Eliau. Why how now dame, what is your courage could?

Const. No *Eliauor*, my courage gathers strength,
And hopes to lead both *Iohn* and thee as slaues :
And in that hope, I hale thee to the field. [Exeunt.

Excursions. *Eliauor* is rescued by *Iohn*, and *Arthur* is taken Prisoner. Exeunt. Sound Victory.

Enter *Iohn*, *Eliauor*, and *Arthur* prisoner, *Philip* the Bastard, *Pembroke*, *Salisbury*, and *Hubert de Burgh*.

K. Iohn. Thus right triumphs, and *Iohn* triumphs in right:

Arthur thou seest, *Fraunce* cannot bolster thee :
Thy mothers pride hath brought thee to this fall.
But if at last nephew thou yeelde thy selfe
Into the gardance of thine vncle *Iohn*,
Thou shalt be used as becomes a Prince.

Artb. Vncle, my grandame taught her nephew this,
To beare captiuitie with patience.

Might hath preuailed, not right, for I am King
Of *England*, though thou weare the Diademe.

Q. Elian. Sonne *Iohn*, soone shall we teach him to forget

These proud presumptions, and to know himselfe.

K. Iohn. Mother, he neuer will forget his claime,
I would he liude not to remember it.

But leauing this, we will to *England* now,
And take some order with our Popelings there,
That swell with pride and fat of lay mens lands.

Philip, I make thee chiefe in this affaire,

Ransacke

Ranſacke the Abbeis, Cloyſters, Priories,
Conuert their coine unto my ſouldiers uſe :
And whatſoere he be within my land,
That goes to *Rome* for iuſtice and for law,
While he may haue his right within the realme,
Let him be iudgde a traitor to the ſtate,
And ſuffer as an enemy to *England*.

Mother, we leaue you here beyond the ſeas,
As Regent of our prouinces in *Fraunce*,
While we to *England* take a ſpeedy courſe,
And thanke our God that gaue vs uiſtorie.
Hubert de Burgh take *Arthur* here to thee,
Be he thy priſoner : *Hubert* keep him ſafe,
For on his life doth hang thy Soueraignes Crowne,
But in his death conſiſts thy Soueraignes bliſſe :
Then *Hubert*, as thou ſhortly hearſt from me,
So uſe the priſoner I haue giuen in charge.

Hub. Frolicke yong prince, though I your keeper be,
Yet ſhall your keeper liue at your command.

Arth. As pleaſe my God, ſo ſhall become of me.

Q. Elian. My ſonne, to *England*, I will ſee thee ſhipt,
And pray to God to ſend thee ſafe aſhore.

Phil. Now warres are done, I long to be at home,
To diue into the monks and abbots bagges,
To make ſome ſport among the ſmooth ſkind nunnes,
And keep ſome reuel with the fanzen friers.

K. Iohn. To *England* Lords, each looke vnto your
charge,
And arm your ſelues againſt the Roman pride. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter the King of Fraunce, Lewis his sonne, Cardinall
Pandolph Legate, and Constance.*

K. Phil. What, euery man attacht with this mishap?
Why frowne you so, why droop ye Lords of *Fraunce*?
Me thinkes it differs from a warre like minde,
To lowre it for a checke or two of chaunce.
Had *Limoges* escapt the bastards spight,
A little sorrow might haue serude our losse.
Braue *Austria*, heauen ioyes to haue thee there.

Pand. His soule is safe and free from purgatorie,
Our holy father hath dispenst his sinnes,
The blessed saints haue heard our orisons,
And all are mediators for his soule,
And in the right of these most holy warres,
His holinesse free pardon doth pronounce
To all that follow you gainst *English* heretikes,
Who stand accursed in our mother church.

Enter Constance alone.

K. Phil. To aggrauate the measure of our greefe,
All male-content comes *Constance* for her sonne.
Be breefe good Madam, for your face imports
A tragicke tale behind thats yet vntold.
Her passions stop the organ of her voyce,
Deep sorrow throbbeeth mis-befaln euent,
Out with it Ladie, that our act may end
A full catastrophe of sad laments.

Const. My tougue is tun'd to storie forth mishap:
When did I breathe to tell a pleasing tale?

Must

Must *Constance* speake? let teares preuent her talke:

Must I discourse? let *Dido* sigh and say,

She weepes again to heare the wracke of *Troy*:

Two words will serue, and then my tale is done:

Elianos proud brat hath rob'd me of my sonne.

Lewis. Haue patience Madame, this is chance of warre:

He may be ransom'd, we reuenge his wrong.

Const. Be it ne'er so soon, I shall not liue so long.

K. Phil. Despaire not yet, come *Constance* go with me,
These clouds will fleet, the day will cleare againe. [*Exeunt*]

Pand. Now *Lewis*, thy fortune buds with happy spring,
Our holy Fathers prayers effecteth this.

Arthur is safe, let *Iohn* alone with him,

Thy title next is fairest to *Englands* crowne:

Now stirre thy father to begin with *Iohn*,

The Pope says I, and so is *Albion* thine.

Lewis. Thanks my Lord Legate for your good conceit:

Tis best we follow now the game is faire,

My father wants to worke him your good words.

Pand. A few will serue to forward him in this,

Those shall not want: but let's about it then. [*Exeunt*]

*Enter Philip leading a Friar, charging him to shew where
the Abbots gold lay.*

Phil. Come on you fat Franciscan, dallie no longer,
but shew me where the Abbots treasure lies, or die.

Friar. *Bencaicamus Domini*, was euer such an iniurie?
Sweet S. *Withold* of thy lenitie, defend vs from extremitie,

And heare us for S. Charitie, oppressed with austeritie.

In nomine Domini, make I my homily,

Gentle gentilitie grieue not the Cleargie.

Phil. Gray-gown'd good face, coniure ye,

Nere trust me for a goate,

If this wast girdle hang thee not

That girdeth in thy coat.

Now bald and barefoot *Bungie* birds,

When vp the gallowes climing,

Say *Philip* he had words enough,

To put you downe with riming.

Fr. O pardon, O *parce*,

S. Francis for mercie,

Shall shield thee from night-spels,

And dreaming of diuels,

If thou wilt forgiue me,

And neuer more grieue me,

With fasting and praying,

And *Haile Marie* saying,

From black purgatorie,

A penance right sory :

Friar Thomas will warm you

It shall neuer harm you.

Phil. Come leaue off your rabble,

Sirs, hang up this lozell.

2d *Fr.* For charitie I beg his life,

Saint *Francis* chieftest friar,

The best in all our Couent fir,

To keep a vintners fire.

O strangle not the good old man,

My hostesse oldest guest,

And I will bring you by and by

Vnto the Priors chest.

Phil.

Phil. I, saist thou so, and if thou wilt the Friar is at liberty, if not, as I am honest man, I hang you both for company.

Fr. Come hither, this is the chest,

Thogh simple to behold,

That wanteth not a thousand pound

In siluer and in gold.

My self wil warrant ful so much,

I know the Abbots store,

He pawn my life there is no less,

To haue what ere is more.

Phil. I take thy word, the ouerplus

Vnto thy share shall come,

But if there want of full so much,

Thy necke shall pay the summe.

Breake vp the coffer, Friar.

Fr. Oh I am undone, fair *Alice* the Nunne

Hath took up her rest in the Abbots chest.

Sancte Benedicite, pardon my simplicitie.

Wie Alice, confession will not salue this transgression.

Phil. What haue we here, a holy Nunne?

So keep me God in health.

A smooth facde Nunn (for aught I know)

Is all the Abbots wealth.

Is this the Nunries chastitie?

Beshrew me but I thinke

They go as oft to venery

As niggards to their drinke.

Why paltry Friar and Pandar too,

Ye shamelesse shauen crowne,

Is this the chest that held a hoord,

At least a thousand pound?

And

And is the hoord a holy whore ?

Well, be the hangman nimble,
He'l take the pain to pay you home,
And teach you to dissemble.

Nunne, O spare the Friar *Anthony*,

A better neuer was
To sing a dirige solemnely,
Or read a morning masse.
If money be the meanes of this,
I know an ancient Nunne,
That hath a hoord these feuen yeeres,
Did neuer see the sunne ;
And that is yours, and what is ours,
So fauour now be showne,
You shall commaund as commonly,
As if it were your owne.

Fr. Your honour excepted.

Nunne. I *Thomas*, I meane so.

Phil. From all faue from Friars.

Nunne. Good sir, doe not thinke so.

Phil. I thinke and see so :

Why how camst thou here ?

Fr. To hide her from lay men.

Nunne. 'Tis true sir, for feare.

Phil. For fear of the laitie: a pitifull dred
When a Nunne flies for succour to a fat Friars bed.
But now for your ransome my cloyster-bred conney,
To the chest that you speake of where lies so much mony.

Nunne. Faire sir, within this presse, of plate and
money is

The valew of a thousand markes, and other thing by gis.
Let us alone, and take it all, tis yours sir, now you
know it.

Phil.

Phil. Come on fir Friar, picke the locke, this geere
doth cotton hanfome,

That couetousnesse so cunningly must pay the lechers
ransome.

What is in the hoord ?

Fr. Friar *Laurence* my Lord, now holy water helpe vs,
Some witch or some diuell is sent to delude us :

Haud credo Laurentius, that thou shouldst be pend thus
In the presse of a Nunne we are all vndone,
And brought to discredence, if thou be Friar *Laurence*.

Fr. *Amor vincit omnia*, so *Cato* affirmeth,
And therefore a Friar whose fancie soone burneth,
Because he is mortall and made of mould,
He omits what he ought, and doth more than he should.

Phil. How goes this geere ? the Friars chest filld with
a fausen Nunne.

The Nunne again locks Friar up

To keep him from the sunne.

Belike the presse is Purgatorie,

Or penance passing grieuous :

The Friars chest a hell for Nunnas !

How do these dolts deceiue vs ?

Is this the labour of their liues,

To feede and liue at ease ?

To reuel so lasciuiously,

As often as they please.

Ile mend the fault, or fault my aime,

If I do misse amending,

Tis better burn the Cloysters downe,

Than leaue them for offending.

But holy you, to you I speake,

To you religious diuell,

Is this the presse that holds the summe,
To quit you for your euill?

Nunne. I crie peccaui, *parce me,*
Good fir I was beguil'd.

Fr. Absolue fir for charitie,
Shee would be reconcil'd.

Phil. And so I shall, firs bind them fast,
This is their absolution,
Goe hang them vp for hurting them,
Haste them to execution.

Fr. Laurence. *O tempus edax rerum,*
Giue children bookes they teare them.
O vanitas vanitatis, in this waning *etatis,*
At threescore welneere, to go to this geere,
To my conscience a clog, to die like a dog.
Exaudi me Dominé, suis me parce
Dabo pecuniam, si habeo veniam.
To goe and fetch it, I will dispatch it,
A hundred pounds sterling, for my liuesparing.

Enter Peter a prophet, with people.

Pet. Hoe, who is here? *S. Francis* be your speed,
Come in my flocke, and follow me,
Your fortunes I will reed,
Come hit her boy, go get thee home,
And clime not ouer hic,
For from aloft thy fortune stands,
In hazard thou shalt die.

Boy, God be with you *Peter*, I pray you come to cur
house a Sunday.

Pet.

Pet. My boy shew me thy hand, blesse thee my boy,
For in thy palme I see a many troubles are ybent to dwel,
But thou shalt scape them all and do full well.

Boy. I thank you *Peter*, there's a cheese for your labor:
my sifter prays yee to come home, and tell her how many
husbands she shall haue, and shee'l giue you a rib of
bacon.

Pet. My master stays at the townes end for me, He
come to you all anone: I must dispatch some busines
with a Friar, and then Ile read your fortunes.

Phil. How now, a prophet! fir prophet whence are ye?

Pet. I am of the world and in the world, but liue not
as others, by the world: what I am I know, and what
thou wilt be I know. If thou knowest me now, be an-
swered: if not, enquire no more what I am.

Phil. Sir, I know you will be a dissembling knaue,
that deludes the people with blinde prophecies: you are
hee I look for, you shal away with me: bring away all
the rable, and you Friar *Laurence*, remember your ran-
some a hundred pound, and a pardon for your selfe, and
the rest; come on fir prophet, you shall with me to re-
ceiue a prophets rewarde.

[*Exeunt*,

Enter Hubert de Burgh *with three men.*

Hub. My masters, I haue shewed you what warrant
I haue for this attempt; I perceiue by your heauy coun-
tenances, you had rather be otherwise imployed, and for
my owne part, I would the King had made choice of
some other executioner: only this is my comfort, that a
King commaunds, whose precepts neglected or omitted,
threatneth torture for the default. Therefore in briebe,
leaue

leauē me, and be ready to attend the aduenture: stay within that entry, and when you heare me crie, *God saue the King*, issue sodainely forth, lay hands on *Arthur*, set him in this chaire, wherein (once fast bound) leauē him with me to finish the rest.

Attendants. We goe, though loath. [*Exeunt*]

Hub. My Lord, will it please your honor to take the benefit of the faire euening?

Enter Arthur to Hubert de Burgh.

Arth. Gramercie *Hubert* for thy care of me,
In or to whom restraint is newly knowne,
The ioy of walking is small benefit,
Yet will I take thy offer with small thanks,
I would not loose the pleasure of the eie.
But tell me curteous Keeper if thou can,
How long the King will haue me carrie heere.

Hub. I know not Prince, but as I gesse, not long.
God send you freedome, and *God saue the King*.

They issue forth.

Arth. Why how now sirs, what may this outrage
meane?

O helpe me *Hubert*, gentle keeper help:
God send this sodaine mutinous approach,
Tend not to reauē a wretched guiltles life.

Hub. So sirs, depart, and leauē the rest for me.

Arth. Then *Arthur* yeeld, death frowneth in thy face,
What meaneth this? good *Hubert* pleade the case.

Hub.

Hub. Patience yong Lord, and listen words of woe,
Harmefull and harsh, hells horror to be heard :
A dismall tale fit for a furies tongue.
I fainte to tell, deepe sorrow is the sound.

Arth. What, must I die?

Hub. No newes of death, but tidings of more hate,
A wrathfull doome, and most unluckie fate :
Deaths dish were daintie at so fell a feast,
Be deafe, hear not, its hell to tell the rest.

Arth. Alas, thou wrongst my youth with words of feare.
Tis hell, tis horror, not for one to heare :
What is it man if it must needes be done,
Act it, and end it, that the paine were gone.

Hub. I will not chaunt such dolour with my tongue,
Yet must I act the outrage with my hand.

My heart, my head, and all my powers beside,
To aide the office haue at once denide.
Peruse this letter, lines of trebble woe,
Reade ore my charge, and pardon when you know.

*Hubert, these are to commaund thee, as thou tendrest our
quiet in minde, and the estate of our person, that pre-
sently upon the receipt of our commaund, thou put out
the eies of Arthur Plantaginet.*

Arth. Ah monstrous damned man ! his very breath
infects the elements.

Contagious venome dwelleth in his heart,
Effecting meanes to poyson all the world.
Vnreuerent may I be to blame the heauens
Of great iniustice, that the miscreant
Liues to oppresse the innocents with wrong.
Ah *Hubert* ! makes he thee his instrument,

To sound the trump that causeth hell triumph?
 Heauen weepes, the saints do shed celestially teares,
 They feare thy fall, and cite thee with remorse,
 They knocke thy conscience, mouing pitie there,
 Willing to fence thee from the rage of hell:
 Hell *Hubert*, trust me all the plagues of hell
 Hang on performance of this damned deede.
 This seale, the warrant of the bodies blisse,
 Ensurreth Satan chieftaine of thy soule:
 Subscribe not *Hubert*, giue not Gods part away.
 I speake not only for eies priuilege,
 The chief exterior that I would enioy:
 But for thy perill, farre beyond my paine,
 Thy sweet soules losse, more than my eies vaine lacke:
 A cause internall, and eternall too.
 Advise thee *Hubert*, for the case is hard,
 To loose saluation for a Kings reward.

Hub. My Lord, a subiect dwelling in the land
 Is tied to execute the Kings commaund.

Arth. Yet God commaunds whose power reacheth
 further,

That no commaund should stand in force to murther.

Hub. But that same Essence hath ordaind a law,
 A death for guilt, to keepe the world in awe.

Arth. I pleade, not guilty, treasonlesse and free.

Hub. But that appeale my Lord concernes not me.

Arth. Why thou art he that maist omit the perill.

Hub. I, if my soueraigne would omit his quarrell.

Arth. His quarrell is vnhalloved false and wrong.

Hub. Then be the blame to whom it doth belong.

Arth. Why thats to thee if thou as they proceede,
 Conclude their iudgment with so vile a deede.

Hub.

Hub. Why then no execution can be lawfull,
If Iudges doomes must be reputed doubtfull.

Arth. Yes where in form of law in place and time,
The offender is convicted of the crime.

Hub. My Lord, my Lord, this long expostulation,
Heapes up more griefe, than promise of redresse;
For this I know, and so resolute I end,
That subiects liues on Kings commands depend.
I must not reason why he is your foe,
But do his charge since he commaunds it so.

Arth. Then do thy charge, and charged be thy soul,
With wrongfull persecution done this day.
You rowling eyes, whose superficies yet
I doe behold with eies that nature lent:
Send forth the terror of your Mouers frowne,
To wreake my wrong vpon the murderers
That rob me of your faire reflecting view:
Let hell to them (as earth they wish to me)
Be darke and direfull guerdon for their guilt,
And let the blacke tormenters of deep *Tartary*
Vpbraide them with this damned enterprife,
Inflicting change of tortures on their soules.
Delay not *Hubert*, my orisons are ended,
Begin I pray thee, reauce me of my sight:
But to performe a tragedie indeede,
Conclude the period with a mortall stab.
Constance farewell, tormenter come away,
Make my dispatch the Tyrants feasting day.

Hub. I faint, I feare, my conscience bids desist;
Faint did I say? feare was it that I named:
My King commaunds, that warrant sets me free:
But God forbids, and he commaundeth Kings,

That great Commaunder countercheckes my charge,
 He stayes my hand, he maketh soft my heart.
 Goe cursed tooles, your office is exempt,
 Cheere thee yong Lord, thou shalt not loose an eie,
 Thogh I should purchase it with losse of life,
 Ile to the King, and say his will is done
 And of the langor tell him thou art dead,
 Goe in with me, for *Hubert* was not borne
 To blinde those lampes that nature polisht so.

Arth. Hubert, if euer *Arthur* be in state,
 Looke for amends of this receiued gift,
 I tooke my eiesight by thy curtesie,
 Thou lentst them me, I will not be ingrate.
 But now procrastination may offend
 The issue that thy kindnesse undertakes :
 Depart we *Hubert* to preuent the worst. [Exeunt.]

Enter King Iohn, Essex, Salisbury, Pembroke.

K. Iohn. Now warlike followers, resteth ought vndone
 That may impeach us of fond ouersight ?
 The *French* haue felt the temper of our swords,
 Cold terror keepes possession in their soules,
 Checking their ouerdaring arrogāce
 For buckling with so great an ouermatch :
 The arch prowde titled Priest of *Italy*,
 That calls himselfe grand Vicar under God,
 Is busied now with trentall obsequies,
 Masse and months mind, dirge and I know not what,
 To ease their soules in painefull purgatorie,
 That haue miscarried in these bloody warres.
 Heard you not Lords when first his holinesse

Had

Had Tidings of our small account of him,
 How with a taunt vaunting vpon his toes,
 He vrgde a reason why the *English* Assē
 Disdaind the blessed ordinance of *Rome*?
 The title (reuerently might I inferre)
 Became the Kings that earst haue borne the load,
 The slauish weight of that controlling Priest:
 Who at his pleasure temperd them like waxe
 To carrie armes on danger of his curse,
 Banding their soules with warrants of his hand.
 I grieue to thinke how Kings in ages past
 (Simply deuoted to the See of *Rome*)
 Haue run into a thousand acts of shame.
 But now for confirmation of our state,
 Sith we haue proond the more than needfull brannoh
 That did oppresse the true well-growing stocke,
 It resteth we throughout our territories
 Be reproclained and inuested King.

Pemb. My Liege, that were to busie men with doubts,
 Once were you crownd, proclaimd, and with applause
 Your citie streets haue ecchoed to the eare,
 God saue the King, God saue our soueraigne *John*.
 Pardon my feare, my censure doth inferre
 Your highnesse not deposde from regall state,
 Would breed a mutinie in peoples mindes,
 What it should meane to haue you crownd againe.

K. Iohn. *Pembroke*, performe what I haue bid thee do,
 Thou knowst not what induceth me to this.
Essex goe in, and Lordings all be gone
 About this taske, I will be crownd anone.

Enter Philip the Bastard.

Phil. What newes, how do the Abbots chefts?
Are Friars fatter than the Nunnes are faire?
What cheere with Church-men? had they gold or no?
Tell me, how hath thy office tooke effect?

Phil. My Lord, I haue performd your Highnes charge:
The eate-bred Abbots, and the bare-foot Friars,
The Monks, the Priors, and holy cloystred Nunnes,
Are all in health, and were my Lord in wealth,
Till I had tithe and tolde their holy hoords.
I doubt not when your Highnesse sees my prize,
You may proportion all their former pride.

K. Iohn. Why so, now sorts it *Philip* as it should:
This small intrusion into Abbey trunks,
Will make the Popelings excommunicate,
Curse, ban, and breathe out damned orisons,
As thicke as haile-stones fore the springs approach:
But yet as harmlesse and without effect,
As is the eccho of a Cannons cracke
Dischargde against the battlements of heauen.
But what news else befell there *Philip*?

Phil. Strange news my Lord: within your territories
Neere *Pomfret* is a prophet new sprung up,
Whose diuination volleis wonders forth:
To him the commons throng with countrey gifts,
He sets a date unto the Beldames death,
Prescribes how long the Virgins state shall last,
Distinguisheth the moouing of the heauens,
Giues limits vnto holy nuptiall rites,
Foretelleth famine, aboundeth plentie forth:

Of

Of fate, of fortune, life and death he chats,
With such assurance, scruples put apart,
As if he knew the certaine doomes of heauen,
Or kept a register of all the destinies.

K. Iohn. Thoult tellst me maruels, would thou hadst
brought the man,
We might haue questioned him of things to come.

Phil. My Lord, I took a care of had-I-wist.
And brought the prophet with me to the court,
He staies my Lord but at the presence doore:
Pleaseth your Highnesse, I will call him in.

K. Iohn. Nay stay awhile, wee'l haue him here anone.
A thing of weight is first to be perform'd.
Enter the nobles and crown King Iohn, and then cry, God
saue the King.

K. Iohn. Lordings and friends supporters of our state,
Admire not at this vnaccustomd course,
Nor in your thoughts blame not this deede of yours,
Once ere this time was I inuested King,
Your fealtie sworne as liegemen to our state:
Once since that time ambitious weedes haue sprung
To staine the beauty of our garden plot:
But heauens in our conduct rooting thence
The false intruders, breakers of worlds peace,
Haue to our ioy, made sun-shine chase the storme,
After the which, to trie your constancie,
That now I see is worthie of your names,
We crau'd once more your helpes for to inuest vs
Into the right that envy thought to wracke.
Once was I not deposde, your former choice;
Now twice been crowned and applauded King?

Your

Your cheered action to install me so,
 Infers assured witnesse of your loues,
 And binds me ouer in a kingly care
 To render loue with loue, rewards of worth
 To ballance down requitall to the full.
 But thanks the while, thanks Lordings to you all:
 Aske me and use me, trie me and finde me yours.

Essex. A boone my Lord, at vantage of your words
 We aske to guerdon all our loyalties.

Pemb. We take the time your highnes bids vs aske:
 Please it you grant, you make your promise good,
 With lesse losse than one superfluous haire
 That not remembered falleth from your head.

K. Iohn. My word is past, receiue your boone my Lords,
 What may it be? aske it, and it is yours.

Essex. We craue my Lord, to please the commons with
 The libertie of Lady *Constance* sonne:
 Whose durance darkeneth your Highnesse right,
 As if you kept him prisoner, to the end
 Your selfe were doubtfull of the thing you haue.
 Dismiss him thence, your Highnesse needs not feare,
 Twice by consent you are proclaim'd our King.

Pemb. This if you grant, were all vnto your good:
 For simple people muse you keepe him close.

K. Iohn. Your words haue searcht the center of my
 thoughts,
 Confirming warrant of your loyalties,
 Dismiss your counsell, sway my state,
 Let *Iohn* doe nothing, but by your consents.
 Why how now *Philip*, what extasie is this?
 Why casts thou up thy eyes to heauen so?

Phil.

There the five Moones appeare.

Phil. See, see, my Lord, strange apparitions,
Glancing mine eie to see the diadem
Plac'd by the Bishops on your Highnesse head,
From forth a gloomie cloud, which curtain-like
Displaid itselfe, I suddainely espied
Five moones reflecting, as you see them now :
Euen in the moment that the crowne was plac'd
Gan they appeare, holding the course you see.

K. Iohn. What might portend these apparitions,
Vnvsual signes, forerunners of euent,
Presagers of strange terrors to the world ?

Beleeue me Lords, the obiect feares me much.

Philip thou toldst me of a Wizard but of late,
Fetch in the man to descant of this show.

Pemb. The heauens frowne vpon the sinfull earth,
When with prodigious vnaccustom'd signes
They spot their superficies with such wonder.

Essex. Before the ruines of *Jerusalem*,
Such meteors were the Ensignes of his wrath,
That hast'ned to destroy the faultfull towne.

Enter Philip the Bastard with the Prophet.

K. Iohn. Is this the man ?

Phil. It is my Lord.

K. Iohn. Prophet of *Pomfret*, for so I heare thou art,
That calculat'st of many things to come :
Who by a power repleat with heauenly gift,
Canst blab the counsell of thy makers will,
If fame be true, or truth be wrong'd by thee,

Decide

Decide in cyphering, what these fūe moones
 Portend this clime, if they presage at all.
 Breath out thy gift, and if I liue to see
 Thy diuination take a true effect,
 Ile honour thee aboue all earthly men.

Pet. The skie wherein these moones haue residence,
 Presenteth *Rome* the great *Metropolis*,
 Where sits the Pope in all his holy pompe.
 Foure of the moones present foure prouinces,
 To wit, *Spaine*, *Denmarke*, *Germanie*, and *Fraunce*,
 That beare the yoke of proud commanding *Rome*,
 And stand in feare to tempt the Prelates curse.
 The smallest moone that whirles about the rest,
 Impatient of the place he holds with them,
 Doth figure forth this island *Albion*,
 Who gins to scorne the see and seat of *Rome*,
 And seekes to shunne the edicts of the Pope:
 This shoues the heauen, and this I do auerre
 Is figured in the apparitions.

K. Iohn. Why then it seemes the heauens smile on vs,
 Giuing applause for leauing of the Pope.
 But for they chance in our Meridian,
 Doe they effect no priuate growing ill
 To be inflicted on vs in this clime?

Pet. The moones effect no more than what I said:
 But on some other knowledge that I haue
 By my prescience, ere Ascension day
 Haue brought the sunne vnto his usuall height
 Of Crowne, Estate, and Royall dignity,
 Thou shalt be clean dispoyl'd and dispossest.

K. Iohn. False dreamer, perish with thy witched newes,
 Villaine thou woundst me with thy fallacies:

If it be true, die for thy tidings price;
 If false, for fearing me with vaine suppose:
 Hence with the witch, hels damned secretarie.
 Lock him up sure: for by my faith I sweare,
 True or not true, the Wizard shall not liue.
 Before Ascension day—who should be cause hereof?
 Cut off the cause, and then the effect will die.
 Tut, tut, my mercie serues to maim me selfe,
 The roote doth liue, from whence these thornes spring vp,
 I and my promise past for his deliu'rie:
 Frowne friends, faile faith, the diuell goe withall,
 The brat shall die, that terrifies me thus.
Pembroke and *Effex*, I recall my graunt,
 I will not buy your fauours with my feare:
 Nay murmure not, my will is lawe enough,
 I loue you well, but if I lou'd you better,
 I would not buy it with my discontent.

Enter Hubert.

How now, what newes with thee?

Hub. According to your Highnesse strict commaund,
 Young *Arthurs* eies are blinded and extinct.

K. Iohn. Why so, then he may feele the crown, but
 neuer see it.

Hub. Nor see nor feele, for of the extreme paine,
 Within one houre gave he vp the ghost.

K. Iohn. What is he dead?

Hub. He is my Lord.

K. Iohn. Then with him die my cares.

Effex. Now ioy betide thy soule.

Pemb. And heauens reuenge thy death.

Effex.

Effex. What haue you done my Lord? was euer heard
 A deede of more inhumane consequence?
 Your foes will curse, your friends will crie reuenge.
 Vnkindly rage, more rough than northern wind,
 To clip the beautie of so sweete a flower!
 What hope in vs for mercie on a fault,
 When kinsman dies without impeach of cause,
 As you haue done, so come to cheere you with,
 The gvilt shall neuer be cast me in my teeth. [*Exeunt.*]

K. Iohn. And are you gone? the diuell be your guide:
 Proud rebels as ye are, to braue me so:
 Saucie, unciuill, checkers of my will.
 Your tongues giue edge vnto the fatall knife,
 That shall haue passage through your trayt'rous throats.
 But hush, breath not bugs words too soone abroad,
 Lest time preuent the issue of thy reach.
Arthur is dead, I there the corzie growes:
 But while he liu'd the danger was the more;
 His death hath freed me from a thousand feares,
 But it hath purchas'd me ten times ten thousand foes.
 Why all is one, such lucke shall haunt his game,
 To whom the diuell owes an open shame:
 His life a foe that leueld at my crowne,
 His death a frame to pull my building downe.
 My thoughts harpt still on quiet by his end,
 Who liuing aimed shrewdly at my roome:
 But to preuent that plea, twice was I crown'd,
 Twice did my subiects sweare me fealtie,
 And in my conscience lou'd me as their liege,
 In whose defence they would haue pawn'd their liues.
 But now they shun me as a Serpents sting,
 A tragye tyrant, sterne and pitilesse,

And

And not a title followes after *Iohn*,
 But butcher, blood-sucker, and murderer :
 What planet gouern'd my natiuitie,
 To bode me foueraigne types of high estate,
 So interlac'd with hellish discontent,
 Wherein fell furie hath no interest ?
 Curst be the crowne, chief author of my care,
 Nay curst my will, that made the crowne my care :
 Curst be my birth-day, curst ten times the wombe
 That yeelded me aliue into the world.
 Art thou the uillaine ? Furies haunt thee still,
 For killing him whom all the world laments.

Hub. Why here's my Lord your highnes hand and seale,
 Charging on liues regard to do the deed.

K. Iohn. Ah dull conceipted peasant, knowst thou not
 It was a damned execrable deed ?
 Shewst me a Seale ? Oh villaine, both our foules
 Haue solde their freedome to the thrall of hell,
 Vnder the warrant of that cursed Seale.
 Hence villaine, hang thy selfe, and say in hell
 That I am comming for a kingdome there.

Hub. My Lord, attend the happy tale I tell,
 For heauens health send Sathan packing hence,
 That instigates your Highnesse to despaire.
 If *Arthurs* death be dismall to be heard,
 Bandie the newes for rumors of untruth :
 He liues my Lord, the sweetest youth aliue,
 In health, with eie sight, not a haire amisse.
 This heart tooke vigor from this forward hand,
 Making it weake to execute your charge.

G

K. Iohn.

K. Iohn. What, liues he! then ſweete hope come home
agen,

Chafe hence deſpaire, the purueyor for hell.

Hye *Hubert*, tell theſe tidings to my Lords

That throb in paſſions for yong *Arthurs* death :

Hence *Hubert*, ſtay not till thou haſt reueald

The wiſhed news of *Arthurs* happy health.

I goe my ſelfe, the ioyfullſt man aliue

To ſtorie out this new ſuppoſed crime.

[*Exeunt.*]

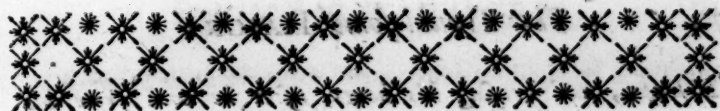
The End of the FIRST PART.

To the GENTLEMEN READERS.

THE changeleſſe purpoſe of determinde Fate
Giues period to our care, or hearts content,
When heauens fixt time for this or that hath end:
Nor can earths pomp or pollicie preuent
The doome ordained in their ſecret will.

Gentles, we leſt King *Iohn* repleate with bliſſe
That *Arthur* liude, whom he ſuppoſed flaine ;
And *Hubert* poſting to returne thoſe Lords,
Who deem'd him dead, and parted diſcontent :
Arthur himſelfe begins our latter Act,
Our Act of outrage, deſprate furie, death ;
Wherein fond raſhneſſe murthereth firſt a Prince,
And Monkish falſeneſſe poysneth laſt a King.
Firſt Scene ſhews *Arthurs* death in infancie,
And laſt concludes *Iohns* fatal tragedie.

The



The SECOND PART of
THE
Troublesome RAIGNE
OF
KING IOHN.

CONTAINING

*The Entrance of Lewis the French Kings sonne: with the
Poysoning of King Iohn by a Monke.*

Enter yong Arthur on the walls.

NOW help good hap to further mine entent,
Crosse not my youth with any more extremes:
I venter life to gaine my libertie,
And if I die, worlds troubles haue an end.
Feare gins dissuade the strength of my resolute,
My holde will faile, and then alas I fall,
And if I fall, no question death is next:
Better desist, and liue in prison still.
Prison said I? nay, rather death than so:
Comfort and courage come againe to me,
He venter sure: tis but a leape for life.

*He leapes, and brusing his bones, after he was from his
traunce, speakes thus;*

Hoe, who is nigh? some bodie take me vp.
Where is my mother? let me speake with her.
Who hurts me thus? speake hoe, where are you gone?
Ay me poore *Arthur*, I am heere alone.
Why calld I mother, how did I forget?
My fall, my fall, hath killd my mothers sonne.
How will she weepe at tidings of my death?
My death indeed, O God, my bones are burst.
Sweete *Iesu* faue my soule, forgiue my rash attempt,
Comfort my mother, shield her from despaire,
When she shall heare my tragycke ouerthrowe.
My heart controuls the office of my tongue,
My vital powers forsake my brused trunk,
I die, I die, heauen take my fleeting soule,
And lady mother all good hap to thee. [*He dies.*]

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, and Essex.

Essex. My Lords of *Pembroke* and of *Salisbury*,
We must be careful in our policie,
To Vndermine the keepers of this place,
Else shall we neuer find the Princes graue.

Pemb. My Lord of *Essex*, take no care for that,
I warrant you it was not closely done.

But who is this? lo Lords the withered flowre,
Who in his life shin'd like the Mornings blush,
Cast out a doore, deni'd his buriall right,
A prey for birds and beasts to gorge vpon.

Salisb. O ruthfull spectacle! O damned deed!
My sinews shake, my very heart doth bleed.

Essex.

Effex. Leauē childish teares braue Lords of England,
 If water-floods could fetch his life againe,
 My eies should conduit forth a sea of teares.
 If sobs would helpe, or sorows serue the turne,
 My heart should volley out deepe piercing plaints.
 But bootles were't to breath as many sighes
 As might ecclipse the brightest Sommers sunne,
 Here rests the helpe, a seruice to his ghost.
 Let not the tyrant causer of this dole,
 Liue to triumph in ruthfull massacres,
 Giue hand and heart, and *Englishmen* to armes,
 Tis Gods decree to wreake us of these harmes,
Pemb. The best aduice: but who comes posting here?

Enter Hubert.

Right noble Lords, I speake vnto you all,
 The King entreats your soonest speed
 To visit him, who on your present want,
 Did ban and curse his birth, himselfe and me,
 For executing of his strict commaund.
 I saw his passion, and at fittest time,
 Assur'd him of his cousins being safe,
 Whom pity would not let me doe to death:
 He craues your company my Lords in haste,
 To whom I will conduct young *Arthur* straight,
 Who is in health under my custody.

Effex. In health base villaine, were't not I leaue the
 crime

To Gods reuenge, to whom reuenge belongs,
 Here should'st thou perish on my rapier's point.
 Call'st thou this health? such health betide thy friends,

And all that are of thy condition.

Hub. My Lords, but heare me speake, and kil me then,
If here I left not this yong Prince aliuē,
Maugre the hastie Edict of the King,
Who gaue me charge to put out both his eyes,
That God that gaue me liuing to this houre,
Thunder reuenge vpon me in this place:
And as I tendred him with earnest loue,
So God loue me, and then I shall be well.

Salisb. Hence traytor hence, thy counsel is herein.

[*Exit Hub.*]

Some in this place appointed by the King,
Haue thrown him from his lodging here aboue,
And sure the murther hath bin newly done,
For yet the body is not fully cold.

Essex. How say you Lords, shall we with speed dispatch
Vnder our hands a packet into *Fraunce*,
To bid the Dolphin enter with his force,
To claime the kingdom for his proper right,
His title maketh lawful strength thereto.
Besides the Pope, on peril of his curse,
Hath bard us of obedience vnto *Iohn*,
This hateful murder, *Lewis* his true descent,
The holy charge that we receiu'd from *Rome*,
Are weightie reasons, if you like my reed,
To make us all perseuer in this deed.

Pemb. My Lord of *Essex*, well haue you aduis'd,
I will accord to further you in this.

Salisb. And *Salisbury* will not gaine say the same:
But aid that course as farre forth as he can.

Essex. Then each of vs send straight to his allies,

To

To win them to this famous enterprife :
And let us all yclad in Palmers weed,
The tenth of April at S. *Edmunds Bury*
Meet to conferre, and on the altar there
Swear secrecie and aide to this aduise.
Mean while, let vs conuey this body hence,
And giue him buriall, as befits his state,
Keeping his months mind, and his obsequies,
With solemne intercession for his soule.
How say you Lordings, are you all agreed?

Pemb. The tenth of April at S. *Edmunds Burye*,
God letting not, I will not faile the time.

Effex. Then let vs all conuey the body hence. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter K. Iohn, with two or three, and Peter the Prophet.

K. Iohn. Disturbed thoughts, foredoomers of mine ill
Distracted passions, signes of growing harmes,
Strange prophecies of imminent mishaps,
Counfound my wits, and dull my senses so,
That euery object these mine eies behold,
Seeme instruments to bring me to my end.
Ascension day is come, *Iohn* feare not then
The prodigies this pratling Prophet threats.
Tis come indeed : ah were it fully past,
Then were I carelesse of a thousand feares.
The diall tells me it is twelue at noone.
Were twelue at midnight past, then might I vaunt,
Ealse seers prophecies of no import.
Could I as well with this right hand of mine
Remoue the Sunne from our Meridian,
Vnto the moonest circle of th' antipodes,

As turn this Steele from twelue to twelue agen;
 Then *Iohn*, the date of fatall prophecies,
 Should with the Prophets life together end.
 But *multa cadunt inter calicem supremaque labra.*
Peter, vnlay thy foolish doting dreame,
 And by the crowne of *England* here I sweare,
 To make thee great, and greatest of thy kin.

Pet. King *Iohn*, although the time I haue prescrib'd
 Be but twelue hours remaining yet behind,
 Yet do I know by inspiration,
 Ere that fixt time be fully come about,
 King *Iohn* shall not be King as heretofore.

K. Iohn. Vaine buzzard, what mischance can chance
 so soone,

To set a King beside his regall seat?
 My heart is good, my body passing strong,
 My land in peace, my enemies subdu'd,
 Onely my barons storme at *Arthurs* death:
 But *Arthur* liues, I there the challenge growes,
 Were he dispatch'd vnto his longest home,
 Then were the King secure of thousand foes.

Hubert, what newes with thee, where are my Lords?

Hub. Hard newes my Lord, *Arthur* the lovely Prince,
 Seeking to escape ouer the castle walles,
 Fell headlong downe, and in the cursed fall
 He brake his bones, and there before the gate
 Your barons found him dead, and breathlesse quite.

K. Iohn. Is *Arthur* dead? then *Hubert* without more
 words, hang the Prophet.

Away with *Peter*, villain out of my sight,
 I am deafe, be gone, let him not speake a word.

Now

Now *Iohn* thy feares are vanisht into smoake,
Arthur is dead, thou guiltlesse of his death.
 Sweet youth, but that I striued for a crowne,
 I could haue well afforded to thine age,
 Long life and happinesse to thy content.

Enter Philip the Bastard.

K. Iohn. *Philip* what news with thee?

Phil. The news I heard was *Peters* prayers,
 Who wisht like fortune to befall vs all:
 And with that word, the rope his latest friend,
 Kept him from falling headlong to the ground.

K. Iohn. There let him hang, and be the rauens food,
 While *Iohn* triumphs in spite of prophecies.
 But whats the tidings from the *Popelings* now?
 What say the monks and priests to our proceedings?
 Or where's the Barons that so suddainly
 Did leaue the King upon a false surmise?

Phil. The Prelates storm and thirst for sharp reuenge:
 But please your Maiestie, were that the worst,
 It little skild: a greater danger growes,
 Which must be weeded out by careful speed,
 Or all is lost, for all is leueld at.

K. Iohn. More frights and feares! what ere thy
 tidings be,
 I am prepar'd: then *Philip*, quickly say,
 Meane they to murder, or imprison me?
 To giue my Crowne away to *Rome* or *Fraunce*?
 Or will they each of them become a King?
 Worfe than I think it is, it cannot be.

Phil. Not worfe my Lord, but euery whit as bad.

The

The nobles haue elected *Lewis King*,
 In right of Lady *Blanch*, your neece, his wife :
 His landing is expected euery houre,
 The Nobles, Commons, Clergie, all Estates,
 Incited, chiefly by the Cardinall,
Pandulph, that lies here Legate for the Pope,
 Thinke long to see their new elected King.
 And for undoubted prooffe, see here my Liege,
 Letters to me from your Nobilitie,
 To be a partie in this action :
 Who vnder shew of fained holinesse,
 Appoint their meeting at *S. Edmunds Barie*,
 There to consult, conspire, and conclude
 The ouerthrow and downefall of your State.

K. Iohn. Why so it must be: one houre of content,
 Match'd with a month of passionate effects.
 Why shines the Sunne to fauour this consort?
 Why do the winds not breake their brazen gates,
 And scatter all these periur'd complices,
 With all their counsels, and their damned drifts?
 But see the welkin rolleth gently on,
 There's not a lowring cloud to frowne on them;
 The heauen, the earth, the sunne, the moone and all,
 Conspire with those confederates my decay.
 Then hell for me, if any power be there,
 Forsake that place, and guide me step by step,
 To poyson, strangle, murder in their steps
 These traytors: oh that name is too good for them,
 And death is easie: is there nothing worse,
 To wreake me on this proud peace-breaking crew?
 What saist thou *Philip*? why assists thou not?

Phil.

Phil. These curses (good my Lord) fit not the season:
Help must descend from heauen against this treason?

K. Iohn. Nay thou wilt proue a traytor with the rest,
Goe get thee to them, shame come to you all.

Phil. I would be loath to leaue your Highnesse thus,
Yet your commaund, and I, though grieu'd, will goe.

K. Iohn. Ah *Philip*, whither go'st thou? come againe.

Phil. My Lord, these motions are as passions of a
mad man.

K. Iohn. A mad man *Philip*, I am mad indeed,
My heart is maz'd, my senses all foredone.

And *Iohn* of *England* now is quite vndone.

Was euer King as I oppress'd with cares?

Dame *Eliano*r my noble mother-Queene,

My only hope and comfort in distresse,

Is dead, and *England* excommunicate,

And I am interdicted by the Pope,

All Churches curst, their doores are sealed vp,

And for the pleasure of the Romish Priest,

The seruice of the Highest is neglected,

The multitude (a beast of many heads)

Doe wish confusion to their Soueraigne;

The nobles blinded with ambitions fumes,

Assemble powers to beat mine Empire downe:

And more than this, elect a forrein King.

O *England*, wert thou euer miserable,

King *Iohn* of *England* sees thee miserable:

Iohn, tis thy finnes that make it miserable,

Quicquid delirant Reges, plectuntur Achiui.

Philip, as thou hast euer lou'd thy King,

So show it now: post to *S. Edmunds Burie*,

Dissemble

Dissemble with the nobles, know their drifts,
 Confound their diuellish plots, and damn'd deuises.
 Though *Iohn* be faultie, yet let subiects beare,
 He will amend, and right the peoples wrongs.
 A mother, though shee were vnnaturall,
 Is better than the kindest step-dame is:
 Let neuer *Englishman* trust forreine rule.
 Then *Philip* shew thy fealty to thy King,
 And mongst the Nobles plead thou for the King.

Phil. I goe my Lord: see how he is distraught,
 This is the curfed Priest of *Italy*,
 Hath heap'd these mischiefs on this haplesse land:
 Now *Philip*, hadst thou *Tullies* eloquence,
 Then might'st thou hope to plead with good successe. [*Exit.*]

K. Iohn. And art thou gone? successe may follow thee:
 Thus hast thou shew'd thy kindnesse to thy King.
 Sirra, in haste goe greet the Cardinall,
Pandulph I meane, the Legate from the Pope.
 Say that the King desires to speake with him.
 Now *Iohn* bethinke thee how thou maist resolute:
 And if thou wilt continue *Englands* King,
 Then cast about to keepe thy Diadem;
 For life and land, and all is leueld at.
 The Pope of *Rome*, tis he that is the cause,
 He curseth thee; he sets thy subiects free
 From due obedience to their Soueraigne:
 He animates the Nobles in their warres,
 He giues away the Crowne to *Philips* sonne,
 And pardons all that seeke to murder thee:
 And thus blind zeal is still predominant.
 Then *Iohn* there is no way to keepe thy crowne,
 But finely to dissemble with the Pope:

That

That hand that gaue the wound must giue the salue
To cure the hurt, else quite incurable.

Thy finnes are farre too great to be the man
T'abolish Pope, and popery from thy Realme:
But in thy seate, if I may guesse at all,
A King shall raigne that shall suppress them all.
Peace *Iohn*, here comes the Legate of the Pope,
Dissemble thou, and whatsoere thou sai'st,
Yet with thy heart wish their confusion.

Enter Pandulph.

Pand. Now *Iohn*, vnworthy man to breath on earth,
That do'st oppugne against thy mother Church:
Why am I sent for to thy cursed self?

K. Iohn. Thou man of God, Vicegerent for the Pope,
The holy Vicar of *S. Peters* Church,
Vpon my knees, I pardon craue of thee,
And doe submit me to the see of *Rome*,
And vow for penance of my high offence,
To take on me the holy cross of Christ;
And carry armes in holy Christian warres.

Pand. No *Iohn*, thy crowching and dissembling thus
Cannot deceiue the Legate of the Pope,
Say what thou wilt, I will not credite thee:
Thy Crowne and Kingdome both are tane away,
And thou art curst without redemption.

K. Iohn. Accurst indeed to kneele to such a drudge,
And get no help with thy submission!
Vnsheathe thy sword, and slay the misprowd priest
That thus triumphs ore thee a mightie King:
No *Iohn*, submit againe, dissemble yet,

H

For

For Priests and women must be flattered. [Aside.
 Yet holy Father thou thyselfe dost know,
 No time too late for Sinners to repent,
 Absolue me then, and *Iohn* doth sweare to do
 The uttermost what euer thou demaundst.

Pand. *Iohn*, now I see thy hearty penitence,
 I rewe and pity thy distressed estate,
 One way is left to reconcile thy selfe,
 And onely one, which I shall shew to thee.
 Thou must surrender to the see of *Rome*
 Thy Crowne and Diadem, then shall the Pope
 Defend thee from th' inuasion of thy foes.
 And where his Holinesse hath kindled *Fraunce*,
 And set thy subiects hearts at warre with thee,
 Then shall he curse thy foes, and beat them downe,
 That seeke the discontentment of the King.

K. Iohn. From bad to worse, or I must loose my realme,
 Or giue my Crowne for penance vnto *Rome*:
 A miserie more piercing than the darts
 That breake from burning exhalations power.
 What, shall I giue my Crowne with this right hand?
 No: with this hand defend thy Crowne and thee.
 What newes with thee?

Enter Messenger.

Please it your Maiestie, there is descried on the coast of Kent an hundred Sayle of Ships, which of all men is thought to be the *French* fleet, vnder the conduct of the *Dolphin*, so that it puts the countrey in a mutiny, so they send to your Grace for succour.

K. Iohn. How now, Lord Cardinal, what's your best aduise?

These mutinies must be allaid in time,
By policy or headstrong rage at least.

O *Iohn*, these troubles tyre thy wearied soule,
And like to *Luna* in a sad Eclipse,
So are thy thoughts and passions for this newes.
Well may it be, when Kings are grieued so,
The vulgar sort worke Princes ouerthrowe.

Pand. *K. Iohn*, for not effecting of thy plighted vow,
This strange annoyance happens to thy Land:
But yet be reconcil'd vnto the Church,
And nothing shall be grievous to thy state.

K. Iohn. On *Pandulph*, be it as thou hast decreed,
Iohn will not spurne against thy sound aduise,
Come lets away, and with thy helpe I trow,
My Realme shall flourish, and my Crowne in peace.

*Enter the Nobles, Pembroke, Essex, Chester, Bewchampe-
Clare, with others.*

Pemb. Now sweet S. *Edmund* holy Saint in heauen,
Whose Shrine is sacred, high esteem'd on earth,
Infuze a constant zeale in all our hearts,
To prosecute this act of mickle weight,
Lord *Bewchampe* say, what friends haue you procur'd.

H 2

Bewch.

Berwch. The *Ld. Fitzwater*, *Ld. Percie*, and *Ld. Resse*,
Vow'd meeting here this day the leuenth houre.

Essex. Vnder the cloke of holy pilgrimage,
By that same houre on warrant of their faith,
Philip Plantagenet, a bird of swiftest wing,
Lord Eustauce, *Vesey*, *Lord Cressy*, and *Lord Morwbrei*,
Appointed meeting at *S. Edmunds* shrine.

Pemb. Vntill their presence, Ile conceale my tale,
Sweet complices in holy Christian acts,
That venture for the purchasse of renowne,
Thrice welcome to the league of high resolute,
That pawne their bodies for their soules regard.

Essex. Now wanteth but the rest to end this worke,
In Pilgrimes habite comes our holy troupe
A furlong hence, with swift unwoonted pace,
May be they are the persons you expect.

Pemb. With swift vnwoonted gate, see what a thing is
zeale,

That spurs them on with feruence to this shrine,
Now ioy come to them for their true intent:
And in good time, here come the war-men all,
That sweat in body by the minds disease:
Hap and hearts-ease braue Lordings be your lot.

Enter Philip the Bastard, &c.

Amèn my Lords, the like betide your lucke,
And all that trauell in a Christian cause.

Essex. Cheerely repli'd braue branch of Kingly stocke,
A right *Plantagenet* should reason so.
But silence Lords, attend our commings cause:
The seruile yoke that pained vs with toyle,
On strong-instinct hath fram'd this conuenticle,

To

To ease our neckes of seruitudes contempt.
 Should I not name the foeman of our rest,
 Which of you all so barren in conceipt,
 As cannot leuell at the man I meane?
 But lest Enigmas shadow shining truth,
 Plainely to paint, as truth requires no art,
 Th'effect of this resort importeth this,
 To root and clean extirpate tyrant *Iohn*,
 Tyrant I say, appealing to the man,
 If any here, that loues him; and I aske,
 What kindship, lenitie, or Christian raigne,
 Rules in the man to beare this foul impeach?
 First I inferre the *Chesters* banishment:
 For reprehending him in most vnchristian crimes,
 Was special notice of a tyrants will.
 But were this all, the diuell shou'd be sau'd,
 But this the least of many thousand faults,
 That circumstance with leisure might display.
 Our priuate wrongs, no parcell of my tale
 Which now in presence, but for some great cause
 Might wish to him as to a mortall foe.
 But shall I close the period with an act.
 Abhorring in the eares of Christian men,
 His cousins death, that sweete vnguiltie child,
 Vntimely butcher'd by the tyrants meanes,
 Here are my proofes, as cleere as grauel brooke,
 And on the same I further must inferre,
 That who vpholds a tyrant in his course,
 Is culpable of all his damned guilt.
 To shew the which, is yet to be describ'd.
 My Lord of *Pembroke*, shew what is behinde,
 Onely I say, that were there nothing else

To mooue vs, but the Popes most dreadfull curse,
Whereof we are assured, if we faile,
It were enough to instigate vs all,
With earnestnesse of sprite, to seeke a meane
To dispossesse *Iohn* of his regiment.

Pemb. Well hath my Lord of *Essex* told his tale,
Which I auerre for most substantiall truth,
And more to make the matter to our minde,
I say that *Lewis* in challenge of his wife,
Hath title of an vncontrouled plea,
To all that longeth to our *English* crowne.
Short tale to make, the See Apostolike
Hath offered dispensation for the fault.
If any be, as trust me none I know,
By planting *Lewis* in the Vsurers roome :
This is the cause of all our presence here,
That on the holy Altar we protest,
To aid the right of *Lewis* with goods and life,
Who on our knowledge is in armes for *England*.
What say you Lords ?

Salisb. As *Pembroke* faith, affirmeth *Salisbury* :
Faire *Lewis* of *Fraunce* that spoused Lady *Blanch*,
Hath title of an vncoutrouled strength
To *England*, and what longeth to the crowne :
In right whereof, as we are true inform'd,
The Prince is marching hitherward in armes.
Our purpose, to conclude that with a word,
Is to inuest him as we may deuise,
King of our countrey, in the tyrants stead :
And so the warrant on the Altar sworne,
And so the intent for which we hither came.

Phil. My Lord of *Salisbury*, I cannot couch

My speeches with the needful words of arte,
As doth besee me in such a waightie worke,
But what my conscience and my duty will,
I purpose to impart,
For *Chesters* exile, blame his busie wit,
That medled where his dutie quite forbade :
For any priuate causes that you haue,
Me thinke they should not mount to such a height,
As to depose a King in their reuenge.
For *Arthurs* death, K. *Iohn* was innocent,
He desperate was the deathsmen to himselfe,
Which you, to make a colour to your crime,
Iniustly do impute it to his defalt,
But wher fel traitorisme hath residence,
There want no words to set despight on worke.
I say tis shame, and worthy all reproofe,
To wrest such petty wrongs in tearms of right,
Against a King annointed by the Lord.
Why *Salisbury*, admit the wrongs are true,
Yet subiects may not take in hand reuenge,
And rob the heauens of their proper power,
Where sitteth he to whom reuenge belongs.
And doth a pope, a priest, a man of pride,
Giue charters for the liues of lawfull Kings?
What can he blesse, or who regards his curse,
But such as giue to man, and take from God?
I speake it in the sight of God aboue,
There's not a man that dies in your beleefe,
But sells his soule perpetually to paine.
Aid *Lewis*, leaue God, kill *Iohn*, please hell,
Make hauocke of the welfare of your soules,
For here I leaue you in the sight of heauen,

A troope

A troope of traytors, food for hellish fiends :
 If you desist, then follow me as friends,
 If not, then do your worst, as hatefull traytors.
 For *Lewis* his right, alasie tis too too lame,
 A senslesse claime, if truth be titles friend.
 In brieft, if this be cause of our resort,
 Our pilgrimage is to the diuels shrine.
 I came not Lords to troupe as traytors doe,
 Nor will I counsell in so bad a cause :
 Please you returne, we go againe as friends,
 If not, I to my King, and you where traytors please. [*Exit.*]

Percie. A hot yong man, and so my Lords proceed,
 I let him goe, and better lost than found.

Pemb. What say you Lords, will all the rest proceed,
 Will you all with me sweare vpon the Altar,
 That you will to the death, be aid to *Lewis*, and enemy
 to *Iohn* ?

Euery man lay his hand by mine, in witness of his harts
 accord.

Well then, euery man to armes to meet the King,
 Who is already before *London*.

Enter Messenger.

Pemb. What newes Herauld ?

The right Christian Prince my master, *Lewis* of
Fraunce, is at hand, comming to visit your Honours,
 directed hither by the right honourable *Richard* Earle of
Bigot, to conferre with your honours.

Pemb. How neere is his Highnesse ?

Mess. Ready to enter your presence.

Enter

Enter Lewis, Earle Bigot, with his troupe.

Lewis. Faire Lords of *England*, *Lewis* salutes you all
As friends, and firm wel-willers of his weale,
At whose request, from plentie flowing *Fraunce*,
Crossing the Ocean with a southerne gale,
He is in person come at your commaunds,
To vndertake and gratifie withall,
The fulnesse of your fauours profferd him.
But worlds braue men, omitting promises,
Till time be minister of more amends,
I must acquaint you with our fortunes course.
The heauens dewing fauours on my head,
Haue in their conduct safe with victory,
Brought me along your well manured bounds,
With small repulse, and little crosse of chance,
Your citie *Rochester*, with great applause,
By some diuine instinct laid armes aside :
And from the hollow holes of *Thamesis*,
Eccho apace repli'd, *Vive la Roy*.
From thence, along the wanton rowling glade
To *Troynouant*, your faire *Metropolis*,
With lucke came *Lewis*, to shew his troupes of *Fraunce*,
Wauiing our Ensignes with the dallying winds,
The fearfull obiect of fell frowning warre :
Where after some assault, and small defence,
Heauens may I say, and not my warlike troupe,
Temperd their hearts to take a friendly foe
Within the compasse of their high built wals,
Giuing me title, as it seemd they with.
Thus fortune (Lords) acts to your forwardnesse,

Meanes

Meanes of content, in lieu of former grieve:
 And may I liue but to requite you all,
 Worlds wish were mine, in dying noted yours.

Salisb. Welcom the balme that closeth vp our wounds,
 The soueraigne medicine for our quicke recure,
 The anchor of our hope, the onely prop,
 Whereon depends our liues, our lands, our weale,
 Without the which, as sheepe without their heird,
 (Except a shepheard winking at the wolfe)
 We fray, we pine, we run to thousand harmes.
 No maruell then, though with vnwonted ioy,
 We welcome him that beateth woes away.

Lewis. Thanks to you all of this religious league,
 A holy knot of Catholike consent.

I cannot name you Lordings, man by man,
 But like a stranger vnacquainted yet,
 In generall I promise faithfull loue:
 Lord *Bigot* brought me to *S. Edmunds* shrine,
 Giuing me warrant of a Christian oath,
 That this assembly came deuoted here,
 To sweare according as your packets show'd,
 Homage and loyall seruice to our selfe,
 I need not doubt the suretie of your wils,
 Since well I know, for many of your sakes,
 The townes haue yeelded on their own accords:
 Yet for a fashion, not for misbeleefe,
 My eyes must witnesse, and these eares must heare
 Your oath vpon the holy Altar sworne,
 And after march, to end our commings cause.

Salisb. That we intend no other than good truth,
 All that are present of this holy league,
 For confirmation of our better trust,

In prefence of his Highnesse, sweare with me,
The sequel that my selfe shall vtter here.

I *Thomas Plantagenet*, Earle of *Salisbury*, sweare upon
the Altar, and by the holy army of Saints, homage and
allegeance to the right Christian Prince *Lewis* of *Fraunce*,
as true and rightfull King to *England*, *Cornewall* and
Wales, and to their territories: in the defence whereof
I vpon the holy Altar sweare all forwardnesse. *All the
English Lords sweare.*

Lords. As the noble Earle hath sworne, so sweare we all.

Lewis. I rest assured on your holy oath,
And on this Altar in like sort I sweare
Loue to you all, and princely recompence
To guerdon your good wils vnto the full.
And since I am at this religious shrine,
My good wel-willers giue vs leaue awhile,
To vse some orizons ourselues apart,
To all the holy company of heauen,
That they will smile vpon our purposes,
And bring them to a fortunate euent.

Salisb. We leaue your Highnesse to your good intent,

Exeunt Lords of England.

Lewis. Now viscount *Meloun*, what remains behind?
Trust me these traytors to their Soueraigne State,
Are not to be beleeu'd in any sort.

Meloun. Indeed my Lord, they that infringe their oaths,
And play the Rebels gainst their natiue King,
Will for as little cause reuolt from you,
If euer opportunitie incite them so:

For

For once forsworne, and neuer after found,
There's no affiance after periury.

Lewis. Wel, *Meloun*, wel, let's smoothe with them awhile,
Vntil we haue as much as they can doe:
And when their vertue is exhaled drie,
Ile hang them for the guerdon of their helpe:
Meane while wee'l use them as a pretious poyson,
To vndertake the issue of our hope.

Fr. Lord. Tis policy (my Lord) to bait our hookes
With merry smiles, and promise of much weight:
But when your Highnesse needeth them no more,
Tis good make sure worke with them, lest indeede
They prooue to you as to their naturall King.

Meloun. Trust mee my Lord, right well haue you aduised:
Venome for vse, but neuer for a sport
Is to be dallied with, lest it infect.
Were you installd, as soon I hope you shall:
Be free from traitors, and dispatch them all.

Lewis. That so I meane, I sweare before you all
On this same Altar, and by heauens power,
There's not an *English* traitor of them all,
Iohn once dispatcht, and I faire *Englands* King,
Shall on his shoulders beare his head one day,
But I will crop it for their guilts desert:
Nor shall their heires inioy their Seigniories,
But perish by their parents foule amisse.
This haue I sworne, and this will I performe,
If ere I come unto the height I hope.
Lay downe your hands, and sweare the same with me.

The French Lords sweare.

Why so, now call them in, and speake them faire,
A smile of *Fraunce* will feede an *English* foole.

Beare

Beare them in hand as friends, for so they be:
But in the heart like traytors as they are.

Enter the English Lords.

Now famous followers, chiefetaines of the world,
Haue we sollicitd with hearty prayer
The heauen in fauour of our high attempt.
Leaue we this place, and march we with our power
To rowse the tyrant from his chiefeest hold:
And when our labours haue a prosprou end,
Each man shall reape the fruit of his desert.
And so resolu'd, braue followers let vs hence. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter King Iohn, Philip the Bastard, Pandulph, and a
many Priests with them.*

Pand. Thus *Iohn*, thou art absolu'd from all thy finnes,
And freed by order from our Fathers curse.
Receiue thy Crowne againe, with this prouiso,
That thou remain true liegeman to the Pope,
And carry armes in right of holy *Rome*.

K. Iohn. I holde the same as tenant to the Pope,
And thanke your Holinesse for your kindnesse shewne.

Phil. A proper iest, when Kings must stoop to Friars,
Need hath no law, when Friars must be Kings.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please it your Maiestie, the Prince of *Fraunce*,
With all the Nobles of your Graces land
Are marching hitherward in good aray.
Where ere they set their foot, all places yeeld:

I

Thy

Thy land is theirs, and not a foot holds out
But *Douer* Castle, which is hard besieg'd.

Pand. Feare not King *Iohn*, thy kingdome is the Popes,
And they shall know his Holinesse hath power,
To beate them soone from whence he hath to doe.

Drums and Trumpets. Enter Lewis, Meloun, Salisbury,
Essex, Pembroke, and all the Nobles from Fraunce and
England.

Lewis. *Pandulph*, as gaue his Holinesse in charge,
So hath the Dolphin mustred vp his troupes,
And wonne the greatest part of all this land.
But ill becomes your Grace Lord Cardinall,
Thus to conuerse with *Iohn* that is accurst.

Pand. *Lewis* of *Fraunce*, victorious Conqueror,
Whose sword hath made this Iland quake for feare;
Thy forwardnesse to fight for holy *Rome*,
Shall be remunerated to the full:
But know my Lord, King *Iohn* is now absolud,
The Pope is pleasde, the land is blest agen,
And thou hast brought each thing to good effect.
It resteth then that thou withdraw thy powers,
And quietly return to *Fraunce* againe:
For all is done the Pope would wish thee doe.

Lewis. But all's not done that *Lewis* came to doe.
Why *Pandulph*, hath King *Philip* sent his sonne
And beene at such excessiue charge in warres,
To be dismiss with words? King *Iohn* shall know,
England is mine, and he vsurps my right.

Pand. *Lewis*, I charge thee and thy complices
Vpon the paine of *Pandulphs* holy curse,

That

That thou withdraw thy powers to *Fraunce* againe,
And yeelde vp *London* and the neighbour townes
That thou hast tane in *England* by the sword.

Meloun. Lord Cardinall, by *Lewis* princely leaue,
It can be nought but vsurpation
In thee, the Pope, and all the Church of *Rome*,
Thus to insult on Kings of *Christendome*,
Now with a word to make them carrie armes,
Then with a word to make them leaue their armes.
This must not be: Prince *Lewis* keepe thine owne,
Let Pope and Popelings curse their bellies full.

Phil. My Lord of *Meloun*, what title had the Prince
To *England* and the Crowne of *Albion*,
But such a title as the Pope confirm'd:
The Prelate now lets fall his fained claime:
Lewis is but the agent for the Pope,
Then must the Dolphin cease, sith he hath ceast:
But cease or no, it greatly matters not,
If you my Lords and Barons of the Land
Will leaue the *French*, and cleaue vnto our King,
For shame yee Peeres of *England* suffer not
Your selues, your honours, and your land to fall:
But with resolu'd thoughts beate backe the *French*,
And free the Land from yoke of seruitude.

Salisb. *Philip*, not so, Lord *Lewis* is our King,
And we will follow him vnto the death.

Pand. Then in the name of *Innocent* the Pope,
I curse the Prince and all that take his part,
And excommunicate the rebell Peeres
As traitors to the King, and to the Pope.

Lewis. *Pandulph*, our swords shall blesse our selues agen:
Prepare thee *John*, Lords follow me your King. [*Exeunt.*

K. Iohn. Accurfed *Iohn*, the diuell owes thee shame,
 Refifting *Rome*, or yeelding to the Pope, all's one.
 The diuell take the Pope, the Peeres, and *Fraunce* :
 Shame be my share for yeelding to the Priest.

Pand. Comfort thy selfe King *Iohn*, the Cardinall goes
 Vpon his curse to make them leaue their armes. [*Exit.*

Phil. Comfort my Lord, and curse the Cardinall,
 Betake your selfe to armes, my troupes are prest
 To answer *Lewis* with a lustie shocke :
 The *Englisb* archers haue their quiuers full,
 Their bowes are bent, the pikes are prest to push :
 Good cheere my Lord, King *Richards* fortune hangs
 Vpon the plume of warrelike *Philips* helme.
 Then let them know his brother and his sonne
 Are leaders of the *Englisbmen* at armes.

K. Iohn. *Philip* I know not how to answer thee :
 But let us hence, to answer *Lewis* pride.

Excursions. Enter Meloun with *Englisb* Lords.

Meloun. O I am flaine, Nobles, *Salisbury*, *Pembroke*,
 My soule is charged, heare me: for what I say
 Concerns the Peeres of *England*, and their State.
 Listen, braue Lords, a fearfull mourning tale
 To be deliuered by a man of death.
 Behold these scarres, the dole of bloudie *Mars*
 Are harbingers from natures common foe,
 Citing this truncke to *Tellus* prison house;
 Lifes charter (Lordings) lasteth not an houre :
 And fearefull thoughts, forerunners of my end,
 Bid me giue phyficke to a sickely soule.
 O Peeres of *England*, know you what you do ?

There's

There's but a haire that funders you from harme,
 The hooke is baited, and the traine is made,
 And simply you run doating to your deaths.
 But lest I die, and leaue my tale vntolde,
 With silence slaughtering so braue a crew,
 This I auerre, if *Lewis* winne the day,
 There's not an *Englishman* that lifts his hand
 Against King *Iohn* to plant the heire of *Fraunce*,
 But is already damnd to cruell death.
 I heard it upow'd ; my selfe amongst the rest
 Swore on the Altar aid to this Edict.
 Two causes Lords, make me display this drift,
 The greatest for the freedome of my soule,
 That longs to leaue this mansion free from guilt :
 The other on a naturall instinct,
 For that my Grandfire was an *Englishman*.
 Misdoubt not Lords the truth of my discourse,
 No frensie, nor no brainsicke idle fit,
 But well aduise, and wotting what I say,
 Pronounce I here before the face of heauen,
 That nothing is discouered but a truth.
 'Tis time to flie, submit your selues to *Iohn*,
 The smiles of *Fraunce* shade in the frownes of death,
 Lift vp your swords, turne face against the *French*,
 Expell the yoke that's framed for your necks.
 Backe warremen, backe, imbowell not the clime,
 Your seate, your nurse, your birth dayes breathing place,
 That bred you, beares you, brought you vp in armes.
 Ah ! be not so ingrate to digge your mothers graue,
 Preserue your lambes and beate away the wolfe.
 My soule hath said, contritions penitence

Laies hold on mans redemption for my sinne.
 Farewell my Lords; witnesse my faith when we are met
 in heauen,

And for my kindnesse giue me graue roome here.
 My soule doth fleet, worlds vanities farewell. [*Dies.*]

Salisb. Now ioy betide thy soule well-meaning man,
 How now my Lords, what cooling carde is this?
 A greater griefe growes now than earst hath beene.
 What counsell giue you, shall we stay and die,
 Or shall we home, and kneele vnto the King?

Pemb. My heart misgaue this sad accursed newes:
 What haue we done? fie Lords, what frensie moued
 Our hearts to yeeld vnto the pride of *Fraunce*?
 If we perseuer, we are sure to die:
 If we desist, small hope againe of life.

Salisb. Beare hence the body of this wretched man,
 That made vs wretched with his dying tale,
 And stand not wayling on our present harmes,
 As women wont: but seeke our harmes redresse.
 As for my selfe, I will in haste be gone:
 And kneele for pardon to our soueraigne *Iohn*.

Pemb. I, there's the way, let's rather kneele to him,
 Than to the *French* that would confound vs all. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter King Iohn carried between two Lords.

K. Iohn. Set downe, set downe the loade not woorth
 your paine,

For done I am with deadly wounding griefe:
 Sickely and succourlesse, hopelesse of any good,
 The world hath wearied me, and I haue wearied it:
 It loathes I liue, I liue and loathe my selfe.

Who

Who pities me? to whom haue I been kinde?

But to a few; a few will pity me.

Why die I not? Death scornes so vilde a prey.

Why liue I not? Life hates so sad a prize.

I sue to both to be retaind of either,

But both are deafe, I can be heard of neither.

Nor death nor life, yet life and neare the neere,

Ymixt with death, biding I wot not where.

Phil. How fares my Lord, that he is carried thus?

Not all the aukeward fortunes yet befallne,

Made such impressiõ of lament in me.

Nor euer did my eye attaint my heart

With any object moouing more remorse,

Than now beholding of a mighty King,

Borne by his Lords in such distressed State.

K. Iohn. What newes with thee? if bad, report it
straight;

If good, be mute, it doth but flatter me.

Phil. Such as it is, and heauy though it be,

To glut the world with tragicke elegies,

Once will I breathe to aggrauate the rest,

Another moane to make the measure full.

The braueff bow-man had not yet sent forth

Two arrowes from the quiuer at his side,

But that a rumour went throughout our Campe,

That *Iohn* was fled, the King had left the field.

At last the rumour scal'd these eares of mine,

Who rather chose a sacrifice for *Mars*,

Than ignominious scandall by retire.

I cheer'd the troupes, as did the Prince of *Troy*,

His weary followers gainst the *Mermidons*,

Crying aloud, *S. George*, the day is ours.

But

But feare had captiuated courage quite,
 And like the Lambe before the greedie Wolfe,
 So heartlesse fled our warremen from the field.
 Short tale to make, my selfe amongst the rest,
 Was faine to fly before the eager foe.
 By this time night had shadowed all the earth,
 With sable curtains of the blackest hue,
 And fenc'd us from the furie of the *French*,
 As *Io* from the iealous *Innoes* eie.
 When in the morning our troupes did gather head,
 Passing the washes with our carriages,
 The impartial tide deadly and inexorable,
 Came raging in with billowes threatning death,
 And swallowed vp the most of all our men,
 My selfe vpon a Galloway right free, well pac'd,
 Out stript the floods that followed waue by waue,
 I so escap'd to tell this tragicke tale.

K. Iohn. Griefe vpon griefe, yet none so great a griefe
 To end this life, and thereby rid my griefe.
 Was euer any so infortunate,
 The right Idea of a cursed man,
 As I, poore I, a triumph for despight?
 My feuer growes, what ague shakes me so?
 How farre to *Swinstead*, tell me, do you know?
 Present vnto the Abbots word of my repaire.
 My sicknesse rages, to tyrannize vpon me,
 I cannot live vnlesse this feuer leaue me.

Phil. Good cheere my Lord, the Abbey is at hand,
 Behold my Lord, the Churchmen come to meet you.

Enter

Enter the Abbot and certaine Monkes.

Abb. All health and happines to our foueraigne Lord
the King.

K. Iohn. Nor health nor happines hath *Iohn* at all.

Say Abbot, am I welcome to thy house?

Abb. Such welcome as our Abbey can afford,
Your maiestie shall be assured of.

Phil. The King thou seest is weake and uery faint,
What victuals hast thou to refresh his Grace?

Abb. Good store my Lord, of that you need not feare,
For *Lincolneshire*, and these our Abbey grounds
Were neuer fatter, nor in better plight.

K. Iohn. Philip, thou neuer needst to doubt of cares
Nor King nor Lord is seated halfe so well,
As are the Abbeis throughout all the land,
If any plot of ground do passe another,
The friars fasten on it strait:
But let vs in to taste of their repast,
It goes against my heart to feed with them,
Or be beholding to such Abbey groomes. [Exeunt.

Manet a Monke.

Monke. Is this the King that neuer lou'd a Friar?
Is this the man that doth contemne the Pope?
Is this the man that rob'd the holy Church,
And yet will flie vnto a Friary?
Is this the King that aymes at Abbeis lands?
Is this the man whom all the world abhorres,
And yet will flie vnto a Friary?

Accurst

Accurst be *Swinstead* Abbey, Abbot, Friars,
 Monkes, Nunnes, and Clerks, and all that dwell therein,
 If wicked *Iohn* escape alieue away.

Now if that thou wilt looke to merit heauen,
 And be canonized for a holy Saint :
 To please the world with a deseruing worke,
 Be thou the man to set thy countrey free,
 And murder him that seekes to murder thee.

Enter the Abbot.

Abbot. Why are not you within to cheere the King?
 He now begins to mend, and will to meate.

Monke. What if I say to strangle him in his sleepe?

Abb. What, at thy *Mumpsimus*? away,
 And seeke some meanes for to pastime the King.

Monke. Ile set a dudgeon dagger at his heart,
 And with a mallet knocke him on the head.

Abb. Alas, what meanes this monke to murder me?
 Dare lay my Life hee'l kill me for my place.

Monke. I'll poyson him, and it shall ne'r be knowne,
 And then shall I be chiefeft of my house.

Abb. If I were dead indeed he is the next,
 But Ile away, for why the *Monke* is mad,
 And in his madnesse he will murder me.

Monke. My Ld. I cry your Lordship mercy, I saw you
 not.

Abb. Alas good *Thomas* do not murder me, and thou
 shalt haue my place with thousand thanks.

Monke. I murder you! God shield from such a thought!

Abb. If thou wilt needs, yet let me say my prayers.

Monke. I will not hurt your Lordship good my Lord:

but

but if you please, I will impart a thing that shall be beneficiall to vs all.

Abb. Wilt thou not hurt me holy Monke? say on.

Monke. You know my Lord, the King is in our house.

Abb. True.

Monke. You know likewise the King abhorres a Friar.

Abb. True.

Monke. And he that loues not a Friar is our enemy.

Abb. Thou saist true.

Monke. Then the King is our enemy.

Abb. True.

Monke. Why then should we not kil our enemy, and the King being our enemy, why then should we not kill the King.

Abb. O blessed Monke! I see God moues thy minde To free this land from tyrants slavery.

But who dare venter for to do this deede?

Monke. Who dare? why I my Lord dare do the deede, Ile free my countrey and the Church from foes, And merit heauen by killing of a King.

Abb. *Thomas* kneele downe, and if thou art resolu'd, I will absolve thee here from all thy sinnes, For why the deede is meritōrious.

Forward, and feare not man, for euery month, Our Friars shall sing a masse for *Thomas* soule.

Monke. God and S. *Francis* prosper my attempt, For now my Lord I goe about my worke. [Exeunt.]

Enter Lewis and his armie.

Lewis. Thus victorie in bloudie lawrell clad, Followes the fortune of yong *Ladowike*,

The

The *Englishmen* as danted at our sight,
 Fall as the fowle before the Eagles eies,
 Onely two crosses of contrary change
 Do nip my heart, and vex me with vnrest.
 Lord *Melouns* death, the one part of my soule,
 A brauer man did neuer liue in *Fraunce*.
 The other grieve, I that's a gall indeed,
 To thinke that *Douer* castle should hold out
 Gainst all assaults, and rest impregnable.
 Yee warrelike race of *Francus*, *Heſtors* sonne,
 Triumph in conquest of that tyrant *Iohn*,
 The better halfe of *England* is our owne:
 And towards the conquest of the other part,
 We haue the face of all the *English* Lords,
 What then remaines but ouerrun the land?
 Be resolute my warrelike followers,
 And if good fortune serue as she begins,
 The pooreſt peſant of the realme of *Fraunce*
 Shall be a master ore an *English* Lord.

Enter a Messenger.

Lewis. Fellow, what newes?

Mess. Pleaseth your Grace, the Earle of *Salisbury*,
Pembroke, *Essex*, *Clare*, and *Arundell*, with all the Barons
 that did fight for thee, are on a sodaine fled with all their
 powers, to ioyn with *Iohn*, to driue thee back againe.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. *Lewis* my Lord, why standst thou in a maze?
 Gather thy troupes, hope not of helpe from *Fraunce*,
 For all thy forces being fifty faile,

Containing

Containing twenty thousand soldiers,
With victuall and munition for the warre,
Putting them from *Callis* in vnluckie time,
Did crosse the seas, and on the *Goodwin* sands,
The men, munition, and the ships are lost.

Enter another Messenger.

Lewis. More newes? say on.

Mess. *John* (my Lord) with all his scattered troups,
Flying the fury of your conquering sword,
As *Pharaoh* earst within the bloody sea,
So he and his enuironed with the tide,
On *Lincolne* washes all were ouerwhelmed,
The Barons fled, our forces cast away.

Lewis. Was euer heard such vnexpected newes?

Mess. Yet *Lodo-wike* reuiue thy dying heart,
King *John* and all his forces are consumde.
The lesse thou needst the aid of *English* earles,
The lesse thou needst to grieue thy nauies wracke,
And follow times aduantage with successe.

Lewis, Braue *Frenchmen* arm'd with magnanimitie,
March after *Lewis*, who will lead you on
To chase the Barons power that wants a head,
For *John* is drown'd, and I am *Englands* King.
Though our munition and our men be lost,
Philip of *Fraunce* will send vs fresh supplies. [*Exeunt.*

Enter two Friars laying a Cloth.

Friar. Dispatch dispatch, the King desires to eate,
Would a might eat his last for the loue he beares to
church men.

K

Friar.

Friar. I am of thy mind too, and so it should be and we might be our own caruers.

I maruell why they dine here in the Orchard.

Friar. I know not, nor I care not. The King comes.

K. Iohn. Come on Lord Abbot, shall we sit together?

Abb. Pleaseth your Grace sit downe.

K. Iohn. Take your places, sirs, no pomp in penury, all beggers and friends may come, where Necessitie keeps the house, curtesie is barr'd the table, sit downe *Philip.*

Phil. My Lord, I am loth to allude so much to the prouerb, honors change maners: a king is a king, though fortune do her worst, and we as dutifull in despite of her frown, as if your highnes were now in the highest tipe of dignitie.

K. Iohn. Come, no more adoe, and you tell mee much of dignity, you'l marre my appetite in a surfet of sorrow. What cheere Lord Abbot, me thinks ye frown like an host that knows his guest hath no money to pay the reckning?

Abb. No my liege, if I frowne at all, it is for I feare this cheere too homely to entertaine so mighty a guest as your maiestie.

Phil. I thinke rather, my Lord Abbot, you remember my last being here, when I went in progresse for powches, and the rancour of his heart breakes out in his countenance, to shew he hath not forgot me.

Abb. Not so my Lord, you, and the meanest follower of his maiesty, are heartily welcome to me.

Monke. Washestell my Liege, and as a poore Monke may say, welcome to *Sewinsead.*

K. Iohn. Begin Monke, and report hereafter thou wast taster to a King.

Monke.

Monke. As much health to your highnesse as to mine owne heart.

K. Iohn. I pledge thee kind Monke.

Monke. The merriest draught that euer was drunke in England.

Am I not too bold with your Highnesse?

K. Iohn. Not a whit, all friends and fellowes for a time.

Monke. If the inwards of a toad be a compound of any proofe: why so it workes.

K. Iohn. Stay *Philip*, where's the Monke?

Phil. He is dead my Lord.

K. Iohn. Then drinke not *Philip* for a world of wealth.

Phil. What cheere my liege? your collor gins to change.

K. Iohn. So doth my life: O *Philip*, I am poison'd.

The Monke, the Diuell, the poyson gins to rage,
It will depose my selfe a King from raigne.

Phil. This Abbot hath an interest in this act.

At all aduentures take thou that from me.

There lie the Abbot, Abbey, Lubber, Diuell.

March with the Monke vnto the gates of hell.

How fares my Lord?

K. Iohn. Philip, some drinke, oh for the frozen Alpes,

To tumble on and coole this inward heate,

'That rageth as the fornace seuen-fold hot,

To burne the holy three in *Babylon*:

Power after power forsake their proper power,

Only the heart impugnes with faint resist

The fierce inuade of him that conquers Kings.

Helpe God, O paine! die *Iohn*, O plague

Inflicted on thee for thy grievous finnes.

Philip, a chaire, and by and by a graue,

My legges disdain the carriage of a King.

Phil. A good my liege, with patience conquer griefe,
And beare this paine with kingly fortitude.

K. Iohn. Me thinkes I see a catalogue of sinne,

Wrote by a fiende in marble characters,

The least enough to loofe my part in heauen.

Me thinkes the Diuell whispers in mine eares,

And tells me, tis in vaine to hope for grace,

I must be damn'd for *Arthurs* sodaine death.

I see, I see a thousand thousand men

Come to accuse me for my wrong on earth,

And there is none so mercifull a God

That will forgiue the number of my finnes.

How haue I liu'd, but by anothers losse?

What haue I lou'd, but wracke of others weale?

When haue I vow'd, and not infring'd mine oath?

Where haue I done a deede deseruing well?

How, what, when, and where, haue I bestow'd a day,

That tended not to some notorious ill.

My life replete with rage and tyrannie,

Craues little pittie for so strange a death.

Or, who will say that *Iohn* decaasde too soone?

Who will not say, he rather liu'd too long?

Dishonour did attaint me in my life,

And shame attendeth *Iohn* vnto his death.

Why did I scape the fury of the *French*,

And did not by the temper of their swords?

Shamelesse my life, and shamefully it ends,

Scorn'd by my foes, disdain'd of my friends.

Phil. Forgiue the world and all your earthly foes,

And call on Christ, who is your latest friend.

K. Iohn

K. Iohn. My tongue doth falter: *Philip*, I tell thee man,
Since *Iohn* did yield vnto the Priest of *Rome*,
Nor he nor his haue prospred on the earth:
Curst are his blessings, and his curse is blisse.
But in the spirit I crie vnto my God,
As did the kingly prophet *Dauid* cry,

(Whose hands, as mine, with murder were attaint)
I am not he shall build the Lord a house,
Or roote these locusts from the face of earth:
But if my dying heart deceiue me not,
From out these loynes shall spring a kingly braunch.
Whose armes shall reach vnto the gates of *Rome*,
And with his feete treade downe the Strumpets pride,
That sits upon the chaire of *Babylon*.

Philip, my heart strings breake, the poysons flame
Hath ouercome in me weake Natures power,
And in the faith of Iesu *Iohn* doth die.

Philip, See how he striueth for life, vnhappy Lord,
Whose bowels are diuided in themselves.
This is the fruit of Poperie, when true kings
Are slaine and shouldred out by Monkes and Friars.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please it your Grace, the Barons of the Land,
Which all this while bare armes against the King,
Conducted by the Legate of the Pope,
Together with the Prince his Highnesse sonne,
Do craue to be admitted to the presence of the King.

Philip. Your Sonne, my Lord, yong *Henry* craues to see
Your Maiestie, and brings with him beside
The Barons that reuolted from your Grace.

K. 3

O piercing

O piercing sight, he fumbleth in the mouth,
His speech doth faile: lift vp your selfe my Lord,
And see the Prince to comfort you in death.

Enter Pandulph, yong Henry, the Barons with daggers in their hands.

Prince Henry. O let me see my father ere he die:
O vncke, were you here, and suffred him
To be thus poynsed by a damned Monke?
Ah he is dead, Father, sweet Father speake.

Phil. His speech doth faile, he hasteth to his end.

Pand. Lords, giue me leaue to ioy the dying King.
With sight of these his Nobles kneeling here
With daggers in their hands, who offer vp
Their liues for ransome of their foul offence.
Then good my Lord, if you forgiue them all,
Lift vp your hand in token you forgiue.

Salisb. We humbly thanke your royall Maiestie,
And vow to fight for *England* and her King:
And in the fight of *Iohn* our soueraigne Lord,
In spite of *Lewis* and the power of *Fraunce*,
Who hitherward are marching in all haste,
We crowne yong *Henry* in his fathers sted.

Prince Henry. Help, help, he dies; ah father! looke
on mee.

Pand. K. Iohn, farewell: in token of thy faith,
And signe thou diest the seruant of the Lord,
Lift vp thy hand, that we may witnesse here,
Thou diedst the seruant of our Sauour Christ.
Now ioy betide thy soule: what noise is this?

Enter

Of KING IOHN. III

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Help Lords, the Dolphin maketh hitherward
With Ensignes of defiance in the winde,
And all our armie standeth at a gaze,
Expecting what their Leaders will commaund.

Phil. Let's arme our selues in yong K. *Henries* right,
And beate the power of *Fraunce* to sea againe.

Pand. *Philip* not so, but I will to the Prince,
And bring him face to face to parley with you.

Phil. Lord *Salisbury*, your selfe shall march with me,
So shall we bring these troubles to an end.

King Henry. Sweet vncle, if thou loue thy Soueraigne,
Let not a stone of *Swinstead* Abbey stand,
But pull the house about the Friars eares:
For they haue kill'd my Father and my King. [*Exeunt.*]

A Parley sounded, Lewis, Pandulph, Salisbury, &c.

Pand. *Lewis* of *Fraunce*, yong *Henry*, *Englands* King
Requires to know the reason of the claime
That thou canst make to any thing of his.
King Iohn that did offend, is dead and gone,
See where his breathlesse trunk in presence lies,
And he as heire apparant to the crowne
Is now succeeded in his Fathers roome.

Re-enter Henry and the Barons.

King Henry. *Lewis*, what law of armes doth leade
thee thus,
To keepe possession of my lawfull right?
Answer; in fine, if thou wilt take a peace,

And

And make furrender of my right againe,
 Or trie thy title with the dint of sword:
 I tell thee Dolphin, *Henry* feares thee not.
 For now the Barons cleaue vnto their King,
 And what thou hast in *England* they did get.

Lewis. *Henry* of *England*, now that *Iohn* is dead,
 That was the chiefeft enimie to *Fraunce*.
 I may the rather be inducde to peace.
 But *Salisbury*, and you Barons of the Realme,
 This strange reuolt agrees not with the oath
 That you on *Bury* Altare lately fware.

Salisb. Nor did the oath your Highnesse there did take
 Agree with th' honour of the Prince of *Fraunce*,

Phil. My Lord, what answer make you to the King?

Dolphin. Faith *Philip* this I say: It bootes not me.
 Nor any Prince nor power of *Christendome*.
 To seeke to win this Iland *Albion*,
 Vnlesse he haue a partie in the Realme
 By treason for to help him in his warres.
 The Peeres which were the partie on my side
 Are fled from me: then bootes not me to fight,
 But on conditions, as mine honour wills,
 I am contented to depart the Realme.

K. Henry. On what conditions will your Highnes yeeld?

Lewis. That shall we thinke vpon by more aduice.

Phil. Then Kings and Princes, let these broils haue end.
 And at more leifure talke vpon the League.
 Meane while to *Worster* let vs beare the King,
 And there interre his bodie, as befeemes.
 But first, in sight of *Lewis* heire of *Fraunce*,
 Lords take the Crowne, and fet it on his head,
 That by succession is our lawfull King.

They

They crowne yong Henry.

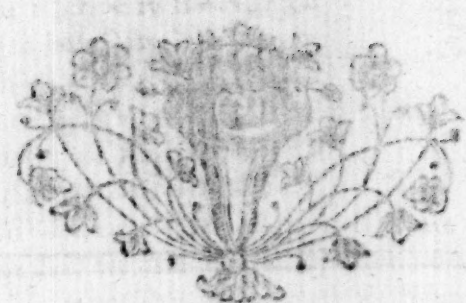
Thus *Englands* peace begins in *Henries* raigne,
And bloodie warres are closde with happie league.
Let *England* liue but true within itselfe,
And all the world can neuer wrong her State:
Lewis, thou shalt be brauely shipt to *Fraunce*,
For neuer *Frenchman* got of *English* ground
The twentieth part that thou hast conquered.
Dolphin, thy hand; to *Worster* we will march:
Lords all, lay hands to beare your Soueraigne
With obsequies of honour to his graue:
If *Englands* Peeres and people ioyne in one,
Nor Pope, nor *Fraunce*, nor *Spaine* can do them wrong.



THE

OF KING JOHN

That English prince began to flourish
And bloodie wars he clothed with people's tears
For England now had such a noble
And all the world can scarce wrong her name
And then shall be heard of his great
For never a monarch got of better ground
The twentieth part of that half conquered
Delight, thy hand to his face we will never
And all his hands to his face we will never
And all his hands to his face we will never
And all his hands to his face we will never
And all his hands to his face we will never
And all his hands to his face we will never
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THE
METAMORPHOSIS
OF
PIGMAIIONS IMAGE.

AND
Certaine SATYRES.

By IOHN MARSTON.



AT LONDON,
Printed for Edmond Matts, and are
to be sold at the signe of the hand and
Plough in Fleetstreete.

1598.

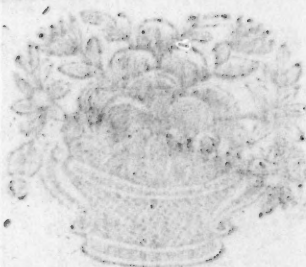
Reprinted 1764.

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TO THE
W O R L D S
MIGHTIE MONARCH,
G O O D O P I N I O N:

Sole Regent of Affection, perpetuall Ruler
of Iudgement, most famous Iustice of Cen-
sures, only giuer of Honor, great procurer
of Aduancement, the Worlds chiefe Bal-
lance, the All of all, and All in all, by
whom all things are yet that they are. I
humbly offer thys my Poem.

*T*Hou soule of Pleasure, Honors only substance,
Great Arbitrator, Umpire of the Earth,
Whom fleshy Epicures call Vertues essence,
Thou moouing Orator, whose powrefull breath
Swaies all mens iudgements. Great OPINION,
Vouchsafe to guild my imperfection.

L

If

*If thou but daine to grace my blushing stile,
 And crowne my Muse with good opinion :
 If thou vouchsafe with gracious eye to smile
 Vpon my young new-born Inuention,
 Ile sing an Hymne in honour of thy name,
 And add some Trophie to enlarge thy fame.*

*But if thou wilt not with thy Deitie
 Shade, and inmaske the errors of my pen,
 Protect an Orphane Poets infancie,
 I will disclose, that all the world shall ken
 How partiall thou art in Honors giuing :
 Crowning the shade, the substance praise de-
 pruiuing.*

W. K.



THE



THE
A R G U M E N T
Of the P O E M.

PIGMALION whose chaste mind all the beauties in Cyprus could not ensnare, yet at the length having carued in Iuorie an excellent proportion of a beauteous woman, was so deeplie enamored on his owne workmanship, that he would oftentimes lay the Image in bedde with him, and fondlie vse such petitions and dalliance, as if it had been a breathing creature. But in the end, finding his fond dotage, and yet perseuering in his ardent affection, made his deuout prayers to *Venus*, that she would vouchsafe to enspire life into his Loue, and then ioyne them both together

ther in marriage. Whereupon *Venus* graciously condescending to his earnest sute, the Mayde, (by the power of her Deitie) was metamorphosed into a liuing Woman. And After, *Pigmalion* (beeing in Cyprus,) begat a sonne of her, which was called *Paphus*; whereupon, that Iland Cyprus, in honor of *Venus*, was after, and is now, called by the inhabitants, *Paphos*.



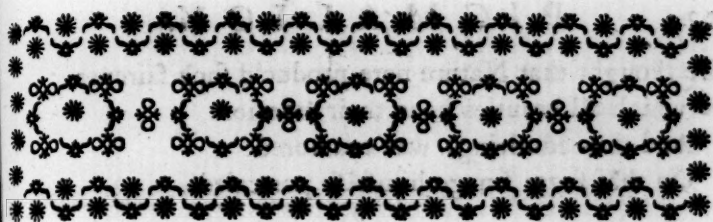
To his

To his MISTRES.

MY wanton Muse lasciuiously doth sing
 Of sportiue loue, of louely dallying.
 O beauteous Angell, daine thou to infuse
 A sprightly wit, into my dulled Muse.
 I inuocate none other Saint but thee,
 To grace the first bloomes of my Poesie.
 Thy fauours like Promethean sacred fire,
 In dead, and dull conceit can life inspire.
 Or like that rare and rich Elixar stone,
 Can turn to gold, leaden inuention:
 Be gracious then, and daine to show in mee,
 The mighty power of thy Deitie.
 And as thou read'st, (Faire) take compassion,
 Force me not enuie my Pigmalion.
 Then when thy kindnes grants me such sweet
 blisse,
 Ile gladly write thy metamorphosis.

619

END



P I G M A L I O N.

I.

PIGMALION, whose hie loue-hating minde
Disdain'd to yeeld seruile affection,
Or amorous sute to any woman-kinde,
Knowing their wants, and mens perfection.
Yet loue at length forc'd him to know his fate,
And lone the shade, whose substance he did hate.

II.

For hauing wrought in purest Iuorie,
So faire an Image of a Woman's feature,
That neuer yet proudest mortalitie
Could show so rare and beautious a creature.
(Vnlesse my Mistres all-excelling face,
Which giues to beautie, beauties onely grace.)

III.

He was amazed at the wondrous rarenesse
Of his owne workmanships perfection.

He

He thought that Nature nere produc'd such fairenes
In which all beauties haue their mation.

And thus admiring, was enamored
On that fayre Image himselfe portraied.

IV.

And naked as it stood before his eyes,
Imperious Loue declares his Deitie.
O what alluring beauties he descries
In each part of his faire imagery!

Her nakednes, each beauteous shape containes;
All beautie in her nakednes remains.

V.

He thought he saw the blood run through the vaine
And leape, and swell with all alluring meanes;
Then feares he is deceiu'd, and then againe,
He thinks he see'th the brightnes of the beames
Which shoote from out the fairenes of her eye:
At which he stands as in an extasie.

VI.

Her amber-coloured, her shining haire,
Makes him protest, the Sunne hath spread her head
With golden beames, to make her farre more faire.
But when her cheeks his amorous thoughts haue fed,
Then he exclaimes, such redde and so pure white,
Did neuer blesse the eye of mortal sight.

Then

VII.

Then view's her lips, no lips did seeme so faire
 In his conceit, through which he thinks doth flie
 So sweet a breath, that doth perfume the ayre.
 Then next her dimpled chin he doth discry,
 And views, and wonders, and yet views her still.
 "Loues eyes in viewing neuer haue their fill."

VIII.

Her breasts, like polisht Iuory appeare,
 Whose modest mount, doe blesse admiring eye,
 And makes him wish for such a Pillowbeare.
 Thus fond *Pigmalion* strueth to discry
 Each beauteous part, not letting ouer-slip
 One parcell of his curious workmanship.

IX.

Vntill his eye descended so farre downe
 That it discried Loues pauillion:
 Where *Cupid* doth enioy his onely crowne,
 And *Venus* hath her chiefeest mantion:
 There would he winke, and winking looke againe,
 Both eyes and thoughts would gladly there remaine.

X.

Who euer saw the subtile Citty-dame
 In sacred church, when her pure thoughts shold pray,
 Peire

Peire through her fingers, so to hide her shame,
 When that her eye, her mind would faine bewray.
 So would he view, and winke, and view againe,
 A chaster thought could not his eyes retaine.

XI.

He wondred that she blusht not when his eye
 Saluted those same parts of secrecie :
 Conceiting not it was imagerie
 That kindly yeelded that large libertie.
 O that my Mistres were an Image too,
 That I might blameles her perfections view.

XII.

But when the faire proportion of her thigh
 Began appeare. O *Ouid* would he cry,
 Did ere *Corinna* show such Iuorie
 When she appeared in *Venus* liuorie ?
 And thus enamour'd dotes on his owne Art
 Which he did work, to work his pleasing smart.

XIII.

And fondly doting, oft he kist her lip :
 Oft would he dally with her Iuory breasts.
 No wanton loue-trick would he ouer-slip,
 But still obseru'd all amorous beheasts.
 Whereby he thought he might procure the loue
 Of his dull Image, which no plaints could moue.

Looke

XIV.

Looke how the peeuiſh Papiſts crouch and kneele,
To ſome dum Idoll with their offering,
As if a ſenceleſs carued ſtone could feele
The ardor of his bootles chattering :
So fond he was, and earneſt in his ſute
To his remorſles Image, dum and mute.

XV.

He oft doth with his ſoule might part in ſunder
So that one halfe in her had reſidence :
Oft he exclames, O beauties onely wonder !
Sweet modell of delight, faire excellence,
Be gracious vnto him that formed thee,
Compaſſionate his true-loues ardencie.

XVI.

She with her ſilence ſeemes to graunt his ſute.
Then he all iocund like a wanton louer,
With amorous embracements doth ſalute
Her ſlender waſt, preſuming to diſcouer
The vale of Loue, where *Cupid* doth delight
To ſport, and dally all the ſable night.

XVII.

His eyes, her eyes, kindly encountered,
His breſt, her breſt, oft ioyned cloſe vnto,
His armes embracements oft ſhe ſuffered,
Hands, armes, eyes, tongue, lips, and all parts did woe.
His thigh, with hers, his knee playd with her knee,
A happy confort when all parts agree.

But

XVIII.

But when he saw poor soule he was deceaued,
 (Yet scarce he could beleue his sence had failed)
 Yet when he found all hope from him bereaued,
 And saw how fondly all his thoughts had erred,
 Then did he like to poor *Ixiom* seeme,
 That clipt a cloud in steede of heauens Queene.

XIX.

I oft haue smil'd to see the foolery
 Of some sweet Youths, who seriously protest
 That loue respects not actual Luxury,
 But onely ioyes to dally, sport, and iest :
 Loue is a child, contented with a toy,
 A busk-point, or some fauour still's the boy.

XX.

Marke my *Pigmalion*, whose affections ardor
 May be a mirror to posteritie.
 Yet viewing, touching, kissing, (common fauour)
 Could neuer satiat his loues ardencie :
 And therefore Ladies, thinke that they nere loue you,
 Who do not vnto more than kissing moue you.

XXI.

For *Pigmalion* kist, viewd, and imbraced,
 And yet exclames, why were these women made
 O sacred Gods! and with such beauties graced ?
 Haue they not power as well to coole, and shade,
 As for to heate mens harts ? or is there none
 Or are they all like mine ? relentlesse stone.

With

XXII.

With that he takes her in his louing armes,
And downe within a Downe-bed softly layd her.
Then on his knees he all his fences charmes,
To inuocate sweet *Venus* for to raise her
To wished life, and to infuse some breath,
To that which dead, yet gaue a life to death.

XXIII.

Thou sacred Queene of sportiue dallying,
(Thus he begins) Loues onely Empereffe,
Whose kingdome rests in wanton reuelling,
Let me beseech thee shew thy powerfullnesse
In changing stone to flesh, make her relent,
And kindly yeeld to thy sweet blandishment.

XXIV.

O gracious Gods, take compassion.
Infill into her some celestially fire,
That she may equalize affection,
And haue a mutuall loue, and loues desire.
Thou know'st the force of loue, then pittie me,
Compassionate my true loues ardencie.

XXV.

Thus hauing said, he riseth from the floore,
As if his soule diuined him good fortune,

M

Hoping

Hoping his prayers to pittie moou'd some power.
 For all his thoughts did all good luck importune.
 And therefore straight he strips him naked quite,
 That in the bedde he might haue more delight.

XXVI.

Then thus, Sweet sheetes he sayes, which nowe do couer,
 The Idol of my foule, the fairest one
 That ever lou'd, or had an amorous louer.
 Earths onely modell of perfection,
 Sweet happy sheetes, daine for to take me in,
 That I my hopes and longing thoughts may win.

XXVII.

With that his nimble limbs doe kisse the sheetes,
 And now he bowes him for to lay him downe,
 And now each part, with her faire parts doe meet,
 Now doth he hope for to enioy loues crowne:
 Now do they dally, kisse, embrace together,
 Like *Leda's* Twins at sight of fairest weather.

XXVIII.

Yet all's conceit. But shadow of that blisse
 Which now my Muse striues sweetly to display
 In this my wondrous metamorphosis.
 Daine to beleeve me, now I sadly say,
 The stonie substance of his Image feature,
 Was straight transform'd into a liuing creature.

XXIX.

For when his hands her faire form'd limbs had felt,
And that his armes her naked waist imbraced,
Each part like wax before the sun did melt,
And now, oh now, he finds how he is graced
By his owne worke. Tut, women will relent
When as they finde such mouing blandishment.

XXX.

Doe but conceiue a Mothers passing gladnes,
(After that death her onely sonne had seazed
And ouerwhelm'd her soule with endlesse sadnes)
When that she sees him gin for to be raised
From out his deadly swoune to life againe:
Such ioy *Pigmalion* feeles in euery vaine.

XXXI.

And yet he feares he doth but dreaming find
So rich content, and such celestially blisse.
Yet when he proues and finds her wondrous kind,
Yeelding soft touch for touch, sweet kisse, for kisse,
He's well assur'd no faire imagery
Could yeeld such pleasing, loues felicity.

XXXII.

O wonder not to heare me thus relate,
And say to flesh transformed was a stone.

Had I my Loue in such a wished state
 As was afforded to *Pigmalion*,
 Though flinty hard, of her you soone should see
 As strange a transformation wrought by mee.

XXXIII.

And now me thinks some wanton itching eare
 With lustfull thoughts, and ill attention,
 Lift's to my Muse, expecting for to heare
 The amorous description of that action
 Which *Venus* seekes, and ever doth require,
 When fitnes graunts a place to please desire.

XXXIV.

Let him conceit but what himselfe would doe
 When that he obtayned such a fauour,
 Of her to whom his thoughts were bound vnto,
 If she, in recompence of his loues labour,
 Would daine to let one payre of sheets containe
 The willing bodies of those louing twaine.

XXXV.

Could he, oh could he, when that each to eyther
 Did yeeld kind kissing, and more kind embracing,
 Could he when that they felt, and clip't together
 And might enioy the life of dallying,
 Could he abstaine mid't such a wanton sporting
 From doing that, which is not fit reporting?

What

XXXVI.

What would he doe when that her softest skin
Saluted his with a delightfull kisse?
When all things fit for loues sweet pleasuring
Inuited him to reape a Louers blisse?
What he would doe, the selfe same action
Was not neglected by *Pigmalion*.

XXXVII.

For when he found that life had tooke his seate
Within the breast of his kind beauteous loue,
When that he found that warmth, and wished heate
Which might a Saint and coldest spirit moue,
Then arms, eyes, hands, tong, lips, and wanton thigh,
Were willing agents in Loues luxurie.

XXXVIII.

Who knowes not what ensues? O pardon me
Yee gaping ears that swallow vp my lines
Expect no more. Peace idle Poesie,
Be not obscene though wanton in thy rimes.
And chaster thoughts, pardon if I doe trip,
Or if some loose lines from my pen do slip.

XXXIX.

Let this suffice, that that same happy night
So gracious were the Gods of marriage

Mid'st all there pleasing and long wish'd delight
Paphus was got: of whom in after age
Cyprus was *Paphos* call'd, and euermore
 Those Ilandars do *Venus* name adore.



The

The AUTHOR in prayse of his precedent
Poem.

NOW *Rufus*, by old *Glebrons* fearfull mace
Hath not my Muse deseru'd a worthy place?
Come come *Luxurio*, crowne my head with Bayes,
Which like a Paphian, wantonly displays
The Salaminian titilations,
Which tickle vp our leud Priapians.
Is not my pen compleate? are not my lines
Right in the swaggering humour of these times?
O sing *Peana* to my learned Muse.
Io bis dicite. Wilt thou refuse?
Doe not I put my Mistres in before?
And pitiously her gracious ayde implore?
Doe not I flatter, call her wondrous faire?
Vertuous, diuine most debonaire?
Hath not my Goddesse in the vaunt-gard place,
The leading of my lines theyr plumes to grace?
And then ensues my stanzaes, like odd bands
Of voluntaries, and mercenarians:
Which like Soldados of our warlike age,
March rich bedight in warlike equipage:
Glittering in dawbed lac'd accoustrements,
And pleasing futes of loues habiliments.
Yet puffie as Dutch hofe they are within,
Faint, and white liuer'd, as our gallants bin:

Patch'd

Patch'd like a beggars cloake, and run as sweet
As doth a tumbrell in the paved street.

And in the end, (the end of loue I wot)

Pigmalion hath a iolly boy begot.

So *Labeo* did complaine his loue was stone,

Obdurate, flinty, so relentlesse none:

Yet *Lynceus* knowes, that in the end of this,

He wrought as strange a metamorphosis.

Ends not my Poem then surpassing ill?

Come, come, *Augustus*, crowne my laureat quill.

Now by the whyps of *Epigramatists*,

Ile not be lasht for my dissembling shifts.

And therefore I vse Popelings discipline,

Lay ope my faults to *Mastigophoros* eyne: -

Censure my selfe, fore others me deride

And scoffe at mee, as if I had deni'd

Or thought my Poem good, when that I see

My lines are froth, my stanzaes saplesse be.

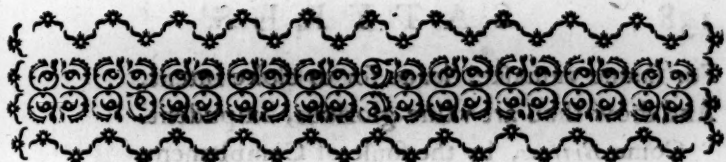
Thus hauing rail'd against my selfe a while,

Ile snarle at those, which doe the world beguile

With masked shoves. Ye changing *Proteans* list,

And tremble at a barking Satyrif.





S A T Y R E S.

S A T Y R E I.

Quedam videntur, & non sunt.

I Cannot show in strange proportion,
Changing my hew like a Camelson.
But you all-canning wits, hold water out,
Yee yizarded-bifronted-*Ianian* rout.
Tell mee browne *Rufcus*, hast thou *Gyges* ring,
That thou presum'st as if thou wert vnseene?
If not. Why in thy wits halfe capreall
Lett'st thou a superscribed Letter fall?
And from thy selfe, vnto thy selfe doost send,
And in the same, thy selfe, thy selfe commend?
For shame leaue running to some *Satrapas*,
Leaue glauering on him in the peopled presse:
Holding him on as he through Paul's doth walke,
With nodd and leggs, and odde superfluous talke:
Making men thinke thee gracious in his sight,
When he esteemes thee but a Parasite.

For

For shame vnmaske, leaue for to cloke intent,
And show thou art vaine-glorious, impudent.

Come *Briscus*, by the soule of Complement,
I'le not endure that with thine instrument
(Thy Gambo violll plac'd betwixt thy thighes,
Wherein the best part of thy courtship lyes)
Thou entertaine the time, thy Mistres by:
Come, now let's heare thy mounting *Mercurie*,
What mum? Giue him his fiddle once againe,
Or he's more mute then a *Pythagoran*.
But oh! The absolute *Castilio*,
He that can all the poynts of courtship show.
He that can trot a Courser, breake a rush,
And arm'd in prooffe, dare dure a strawes strong push.
He, who on his glorious scutchion
Can quaintly show wits *nerwe* inuention,
Aduaucing forth some thirstie *Tantalus*,
Or els the Vulture on *Prometheus*,
With some short motto of a dozen lines.
He that can purpose it in dainty rimes,
Can set his face, and with his eye can speake,
Can dally with his Mistres dangling feake,
And wish that he were it, to kisse her eye
And flare about her beauties deitie.
Tut, he is famous for his reueling,
For fine sette speeches, and for sonetting;
He scornes the violll and the scraping sticke,
And yet's but Broker of anothers wit.
Certes if all things were well knowne and view'd
He doth but champe that which another chew'd.
Come come *Castilion*, skim thy possët curd,
Show thy queere substance, worthlesse, most absurd.

Take

Take ceremonious complement from thee,
Alas, I see *Castilios* beggery.

O if *Democritus* were now aliue
How he would laugh to see this deuill thriue!
And by an holy semblance bleare mens eyes
When he intends some damned villanies.
Ixion makes faire weather vnto *Ioue*,
That he might make foule worke with his faire loue,
And is right sober in his outward semblance,
Demure, and modest in his countenance;
Applies himselfe to great *Saturnus* sonne,
Till *Saturnus* daughter yeeldes his motion.
Night-shining *Phæbe* knowes what was begat,
A monstrous Centaure, illegitimate.

Who would not chuck to see such pleasing sport?
To see such troupes of gallants still resort
Vnto *Cornutos* shop? What other cause
But chaste *Brownetta*, *Sporo* thether drawes?
Who now so long hath prays'd the Choughs white bill
That he hath left her ne'er a flying quill:
His meaning gain, though outward semblance loue,
So like a Crabfish *Sporo* still doth moue.
Laugh, laugh, to see the world *Democritus*
Cry like that strange transformed *Tyreus*.
Now *Sorbo* with a fayned grauity
Doth fish for honour, and high dignity.
Nothing within, nor yet without, but beard
Which thrice he strokes, before I ever heard
One wise graue word, to blesse my listning eare.
But marke how Good-opinion doth him reare.
See, he's in office, on his foot-cloth placed:
Now each man caps, and striues for to be graced

With

With some rude nod of his maiestick head,
Which all do wish in *Limbo* harried.

But O I greeue, that good men daine to be
Slaues unto him, that's slaue to villany.

Now *Sorbo* swels with selfe conceited sence,
Thinking that men do yeeld this reuerence
Vnto his vertues: fond credulity!

Asse, talke of Isis, no man honours thee.

Great *Tubrios* feather gallantly doth waue,
Full twenty falls doth make him wondrous braue.

Oh golden Ierkin! Royall arming coate!

Like ship on Sea, he on the land doth flote.

He's gone, he's shipt, his resolution

Pricks (by heauen) to this action.

The poxe it doth: not long since I did view

The man betake him to a common stew.

And there (I wis) like no quaint stomach't man

Eates vp his armes. And warres munition

His wauing plume, falls in the Brokers chest.

Fie that his Ostridge stomach should digest

His Ostridge feather: eate vp Venis-lace.

Thou that did'st feare to eate *Poore-Iohns* a space.

Lie close ye slaue at beastly luxury!

Melt and consume in pleasures surquedry.

But now, thou that did'st march with Spanish Pike before,

Come with French-pox out of that brothell dore.

The fleet's return'd. What news from *Rodio*?

Hote seruice, by the Lord, cries Tubrio.

Why do'st thou halt? *Why six times throgth each thigh*

Pusht with the Pike of the hoteemie.

Hote seruice, hote, the Spaniard is a man,

I say no more, and as a Gentleman.

I serued

I served in his face. Farwell. Adew.
 Welcome from Netherland, from streaming stew.
 Asse to thy crib, doffe that huge Lyons skin,
 Or els the Owle will hooote and driue thee in.
 For shame, for shame, lew'd liuing *Tubrio*
 Presume not troupe among that gallant crue
 Of true Heroike spirits, come vncafe,
 Show vs the true forme of *Damet* as face.
 Hence, hence ye slaue, dissemble not thy state
 But hence-forth be a turne-coate, runnagate.
 Oh hold my sides, that I may breake my spleene,
 With laughter at the shadowes I haue seene.

Yet I can beare with *Curios* nimble feete
 Saluting me with capers in the streete,
 Although in open view, and peoples face,
 He fronts me with some spruce, neat, sinquepace.
 Or *Tullus*, though when ere he me espies
 Straight with loud mouth (*a bandy Sir*) he cries.
 Or *Robrus*, who adic't to nimble fence,
 Still greetes me with Stockadoes violence.
 These I doe beare, because I too well know
 They are the same, they seeme in outward show.
 But all confusion seuer from mine eye
 This Ianian-bifront hypocrisie.





S A T Y R E II.

Quedam sunt, & non videntur.

I That euen now lisp'd like an Amorist,
 Am turn'd into a snaphaunce Satyrift.
 O tittle, which my iudgement doth adore!
 But I dull-sprighted fat Boetian Boore,
 Doe farre off honour that Censorian seate.
 But if I could in milk-white robes intreate
Plebieans favour, I would shew to be
Tribunus plebis, gainst the villany
 Of these same *Proteans*, whose hipocrisie,
 Doth still abuse our fond-credulity.
 But since my selfe am not imaculate,
 But many spots my minde doth vitiate,
 I'le leaue the white roabe, and the biting rimes
 Vnto our moderne Satyres sharpest lines;
 Whose hungry fangs snarle at some secret sinne.
 And in such pitchy clouds enwrapped beene
 His *Sphinxian* riddles, that old *Oedipus*
 Would be amaz'd and take it in foule snuffs
 That such *Cymerian* darknes should inuolue
 A quaint conceit, that he could not resolute.
 O darknes palpable! Egiphts black night!
 My wit is stricken blind, hath lost his sight.
 My shins are broke, with groping for some sence
 To know to what his words haue reference.

Certes

Certes (*sunt*) but (*non videntur*) that I know.
 Reach me some Poets Index that will show.
Imagines Deorum. Booke of Epithites,
Natales Comes, thou I know recites,
 And mak't Anatomie of Poesie.
 Helpe to unmaske the Satyres secrecie.
 Delphick *Apollo*, ayde me to vnrip,
 These intricate deepe Oracles of wit.
 These darke Enigmaes, and strange riddling fence
 Which passe my dullard braines intelligence.
 Fie on my senceles pate; Now I can show
 Thou writest that which I, nor thou, doo'st know.
 Who would imagine that such squint-ey'd sight
 Could strike the worlds deformities so right.
 But take heede *Pallas*, least thou ayme awry
 Loue, nor yet Hate, had ere true iudging eye.
 Who would once dreame that that same Elegie,
 That faire fram'd peece of sweetest Poesie,
 Which *Muto* put betwixt his Mistris paps,
 (When he (quick-witted) call'd her *Cruell Chaps*,
 And told her, there she might his dolours read
 Which she, oh she, vpon his hart had spread)
 Was penn'd by *Roscio* the Tragedian?
 Yet *Muto*, like a good *Vulcanian*,
 An honest Cuckold, calls the baltard sonne,
 And brags of that which others for him done.
Satyre thou lye'st, for that same Elegie
Is Mutos owne, his owne deere Poesie:
 Why tis his owne, and deare, for he did pay
 Ten crownes for it, as I heard *Roscius* say.
 Who would imagine yonder sober man,
 That same deuout meale-mouth'd *Precisean*,

That cries *good brother, kind sister*, makes a duck,
 After the Antique grace, can alwayes pluck
 A sacred booke, out of his ciuill hose,
 And at th'op'ning, and at our stomachs close
 Sayes with a turn'd-vp eye a solemne grace
 Of halfe an houre, then with silken face
 Smiles on the holy crue, and then doth cry
O manners! O times of impurity!
 With that depaints a church reformed state,
 The which the female tongues magnificate:
 Because that *Platoes* odd opinion,
 Of all things (*common*) hath strong motion
 In their weake minds. Who thinks that this good man
 Is a vile, sober, damn'd, Polititian?
 Not I, till with his baite of purity
 He bit me fore in deepest vsury.
 No Iew, no Turke, woulde vse a Christian
 So inhumanely as this Puritan.
Diomedes Iades were not so bestiall
 As this same seeming-faint, vile Canniball.
 Take heede O world, take heede aduisedly
 Of these same damned Anthropophagy.
 I had rather be within a Harpies claws
 Then trust my selfe in their deuouring iawes.
 Who all confusion to the world would bring
 Vnder the forme of their new discipline.
 O I could say, *Briareus* hundred hands
 Were not so ready to bring *Ioue* in bands.
 As these to set endles contentious strife
 Betwixt *Ieboua*, and his sacred wife.
 But see who's yonder, true Humility
 The perfect image of faire Curtise.

See, he doth daine to be in seruitude
 Where he hath no promotions liuelihood.
 Marke, he doth curtsie, and salutes a block,
 Will seeme to wonder at a weathercock,
 Trenchmore with Apes, play musick to an Owle,
 Blesse his sweet honours running brasell bowle:
 Cries (*brauly broake*) when that his Lordship misse,
 And is of all the thrunged scaffold hift.
 O is not this a curteous minded man?
No foole, no, a damn'd Macheulian.
 Holds candle to the deuill for a while,
 That he the better may the world beguile
 That's fed with shows. He hopes thogh som repine,
 When sunne is set, the lesser starres will shine:
 He is within a haughty malecontent,
 Though he doe use such humble blandishment.
 But bold-fac'd Satyre, straine not ouer hie,
 But laugh and chuck at meaner gullery.
 In fayth yon is a well fac'd Gentleman,
 See how he paceth like a Ciprian:
 Faire Amber tresses of the fairest haire
 That ere were waued by our London aire,
 Rich laced suit, all spruce, all neat in truth.
 Ho *Linceus*! What's yonder brisk neat youth
 Bout whom yon troupe of Gallants flocken so?
 And now together to *Brownes* common goe?
 Thou knowst I am sure, for thou canst cast thine eie
 Through nine mud wals, or els old Poets lie.
Tis loose legd Laïs, that same common Drab,
For whom good Tubrio tooke the mortall stab.
 Ha ha, Nay then I'le neuer raile at those
 That weare a codpis, thereby to disclose

What sexe they are, since strumpets breeches vse,
 And all mens eyes faue *Linceus* can abuse.
 Nay steed of shadow, lay the substance out,
 Or els fair *Briscus* I shall stand in doubt
 What sex thou art, since such Hermaphrodites
 Such *Protean* shadowes so delude our sights.

 Looke, looke, with what a discontented grace
Bruto the trauailer doth sadly pace
 Long Westminster, O civil seeming shade,
 Marke his sad colours, how demurely clad,
 Staidnes it selfe, and *Nesters* grauity
 Are but the shade of his ciuility.
 And now he fighes. O, thou corrupted age,
 Which slight regard'st men of sound carriage,
 Vertue, knowledge, flie to heauen againe
 Daine not mong these vngrateful sots remaine.
 Well, some tongs I know, some countries I haue seene
 And yet these oily *Snailes* respectles beene.
 Of my good parts, O worthles puffie slaue!
 Didst thou to *Venis* goe oft els to haue,
 But buy a Lute and vse a Curtezan?
 And there to liue like a *Cyllenian*?
 And now from thence what hether do'st thou bring?
 But surphulings, new paints and poysoning,
Aretines pictures, some strange Luxury,
 And new found vse of *Venis* venery?
 What art thou but black clothes? Say *Bruto* say,
 Art any thing but only say array?
 Which I am sure is all thou brought'st from France,
 Saue Naples poxe, and French-mens dalliance.
 From haughty Spayne, what brought'st thou els beside,
 But lofty lookes, and their *Lucifrian* pride?

From

From Belgia what? but their deep bezeling,
 Their boote-carouse, and their Beere-buttering.
 Well, then exclaime not on our age good man,
 But hence poluted Neopolitan.

Now Satyre cease to rub our gauled skinnes,
 And to vnmaske the worlds detested sinnes.
 Thou shalt as soone draw *Nilus* riuer dry,
 As cleanse the world from foule impietie.



S A T Y R E III.

Quedam & sunt, & videntur.

NOW grim *Reprose*, swell in my rough-heu'd rime,
 That thou maist vex the guilty of our time.
 Yon is a youth, whom how can I ore slip,
 Since he so iumpe doth in my masches hit?
 He hath been longer in preparing him
 Then *Terence* wench, and now behold he's seene.
 Now after two yeeres fast and earnest prayer,
 The fashion change not, (lest he should dispaire
 Of euer hoording vp more faire gay clothes)
 Behold at length in London-streets he shoves.
 His ruffe did eate more time in neatest setting
 Then *Woodstocks* worke in painfull perfecting.
 It hath more doubles farre, then *Ajax* shield
 When he gainst Troy did furious battle weild.
 Nay he doth weare an Embleme bout his neck.
 For under that fayre Ruffe so sprucely set

Appeares

Appeares a fall, a falling-band forsooth.
 O dapper, rare, compleat, sweet nittie youth!
Iesu Maria! How his clothes appeare
 Crost and recroft with lace, sure for some feare,
 Least that some spirit with a tippet Mace
 Should with a gasty show affright his face.
 His hat, himselfe, small crowne and huge great brim,
Faire outward shew, and little wit within.
 And all the band with feathers he doth fill,
 Which is a signe of a fantastick still,
 As sure, as (some doe tell me) euermore
 A Goate doth stand before a brothell dore.
 His clothes perfum'd, his fustie mouth is ayred,
 His chinne new swept, his very cheekes are glazed.

But ho, what *Ganimede* is that doth grace
 The gallants heeles. One, *who for two daies space*
Is closely hyred. Now who dares not call
 This *Aesops* crow, fond, mad, fantastickall.
 Why so he is, his clothes doe sympathize,
 And with his inward spirit humorize.
 An open Ass, that is not yet so wise
 As his derided fondnes to disguise.
 Why thou art Bedlam mad, starke lunaticke,
 And glori'ft to be counted a fantastick.
 Thou neyther art, nor yet will seeme to be
 Heire to some vertuous praised qualitie.
 O frantick men! that thinke all villanie
 The complete honors of Nobilitie.
 When some damn'd vice, some strange mishapen sute,
 Make youths esteeme themselues in hie repute.
 O age! in which our gallants boast to be
 Slaues vnto riot, and rude luxury!

Nay,

Nay, when they blush, and thinke an honest act
Dooth their supposed vertues maculate !

Bedlame, Frenzie, Madnes, Lunacie,

I challenge all your moody Empery

Once to produce a more distracted man

Then is innamorato *Lucian*.

For when my eares receau'd a fearefull sound

That he was sicke, I went, and there I found

Him layde of loue, and newly brought to bed

Of monstrous folly, and a franticke head.

His chamber hang'd about with Elegies,

With sad complaints of his lones miseries :

His windows strow'd with Sonnets, and the glasse

Drawne full of loue-knots. I approacht the Asse,

And straight he weepes, and sighes some sonnet out

To his faire loue ! And then he goes about

For to perfume her rare perfection

With some sweet-smelling pinck Epitheton.

Then with a melting looke he writhes his head,

And straight in passion riseth in his bed ;

And hauing kist his hand, stroke up his haire,

Made a French conge, cryes, *O cruell feare*

To the antique Bed-post. I laught a maine

That down my cheeks the mirthfull drops did raine.

Well he's no *Ianus*, but substantiall,

In show, and essence a good naturall.

When as thou hear'st me aske spruce *Ducens*

From whence he comes. And he straight answers vs,

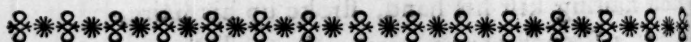
From Lady *Lilla*. And is going straight

To the Countesse of () for she doth waite

His comming. And will surely send her Coach,

Vnlesse he make the speedier approach.

Art not thou ready for to breake thy spleene
 At laughing at the fondness thou hast seene
 In this vaine-glorious foole? When thou dost know
 He neuer durst vnto these Ladies show
 His pippin face. Well, he's no accident,
 But reall, reall, shamelesse, impudent.
 And yet he boasts, and wonders that each man
 Can call him by his name, sweet *Ducean*:
 And is right proude that thus his name is knowne.
 I *Duceus*, I, thy name is too farre blowne.
 The world too much, thy selfe too little know'st
 Thy priuate selfe. Why then should *Duceus* boast?
 But humble-Satyre, wilt thou daine display
 These open naggs, which purblind eyes bewray?
 Come, come, and snarle more darke at secrete sin,
 Which in such Laborinths enwrapped bin,
 That *Ariadne* I must craue thy ayde
 To helpe me finde where this foul monster's layd,
 Then will I driue the Minotaure from vs,
 And seeme to be a second *Theseus*.



S A T Y R E I V.
 R E A C T I O.

NOW doth *Ramnusia Adrastian*,
 Daughter of Night, and of the Ocean
 Prouoke my pen. What cold *Saturnian*
 Can hold, and heare such uile detraction?
 Yee Pines of Ida, shake your faire growne height,
 For *Ioue* at first dash will with thunder fight.

Yee Cedars bend, fore lightning you difmay,
 Ye Lyons tremble, for an Affe doth bray.
 Who cannot raile? what dog but dare to barke
 Gainſt *Phæbes* brightnes in the ſilent darke?
 What ſtinking Scauenger (if ſo he will
 Though ſtreets be ſayre,) but may right eaſily fill,
 His dungy tumbrel? ſweep, pare, waſh, make cleane,
 Yet from your fairnes he ſome durt can gleane.
 The windie-chollicke ſtriud to haue ſome vent,
 And now tis ſlowne, and now his rage is ſpent.
 So haue I ſeene the fuming waues to fret,
 And in the end, naught but white foame beget.
 So haue I ſeene the ſullen clowdes to cry,
 And weepe for anger that the earth was dry
 After theyr ſpight, that all the haile-shot drops
 Could neuer peirce the chriſtiall water tops,
 And neuer yct could worke her more diſgrace
 But onely bubble quiet *Thetis* face.
 Vaine enuious detractor from the good
 What *Cynicke* ſpirit rageth in thy blood?
 Cannot a poore miſtaken title ſcape
 But thou muſt that into thy Tumbrell ſcrape?
 Cannot ſome lewd, immodest beaſtlines
 Lurke, and lie hid in iuſt forgetfulnes,
 But *Grillus* ſubtile-smelling ſwinifh ſnout
 Muſt ſent, and grunt, and needes will finde it out?
 Come daunce yee ſtumbling Satyres by his ſide
 If he liſt once the Syon Muſe deride.
 Ye *Granta's* white Nymphs come, and with you bring
 Some ſillabub, whilſt he doth ſweetly ſing
 Gainſt *Peters* teares, and *Maries* mouing moane,
 And like a fierce enraged Boare doth foame

At sacred Sonnets. O daring hardiment!
 At *Bartas* sweet *Semaines*, raile impudent
 At *Hopkins*, *Sternhold*, and the *Scottish* King,
 At all Translators that do strive to bring
 That stranger language to our vulgar tongue,
 Spett in thy poyson theyr fair acts among.
 Ding them all downe from faire Ierusalem,
 And mew them vp in thy deserued Bedlem.

Shall Painims honor, their vile falsed gods
 With sprightly wits? and shall not we by ods
 Farre, farre, more strive with wits best quintessence
 To adore that sacred euer-liuing Essence?
 Hath not strong reason moou'd the Legists mind,
 To say the fayrest of all Natures kinde
 The Prince by his prerogative may claime?
 Why may not then our soules without thy blame
 (Which is the best thing that our God did frame)
 Deuote the best part to his sacred Name?
 And with due reuerence and deuotion
 Honor his Name with our inuention?

No, Poesie not fit for such an action,

It is defild with superstition:

It honord Baal, therefore polute, polute,

Unfit for such a sacred institute.

So haue I heard an Heretick maintaine
 The Church vnholly, where *Iehouas* Name
 Is now ador'd: Because he surely knows
 Some-times it was defil'd with Popish shoves.
 The Bells profane, and not to be endur'd,
 Because to Popish rites they were inur'd.
 Pure madnes peace, cease to be insolent,
 And be not outward sober, inlye impudent.

Fie inconsiderate, it greenueth me
 An Academick should so senceles be.
 Fond Censurer! Why should those mirrors seeme
 So vile to thee? Which better iudgements deeme
 Exquisite then, and in our polish'd times
 May run for sencefull tollerable lines.
 What, not *mediocria firma* from thy spight?
 But must thy enuious hungry fangs needs light
 On *Magistrates mirrour*? Must thou needs detract
 And striue to worke his antient honors wrack?
 What, shall not *Rosamond*, or *Gaueston*,
 Ope their sweet lips without detraction?
 But must our moderne *Critticks* enuious eye
 Seeme thus to quote some grosse deformity?
 Where Art, not error shineth in their stile,
 But error, and no Art doth thee beguile.
 For tell me *Crittick*, is not *Fiction*
 The soule of Poesies inuention?
 Is't not the forme, the spirit, and the essence?
 The life, and the essentiall difference?
 Which *omni, semper, soli*, doth agree
 To heavenly discended Poesie?
 Thy wit God comfort mad Chirurgion
 What, make so dangerous an Incision?
 At first dash whip away the instrument
 Of Poets Procreation? fie ignorant!
 When as the soule, and vitall blood doth rest
 And hath in *Fiction* onely interest?
 What Satyre! sucke the soule from Poesie
 And leaue him spritles? O impiety!
 Would euer any *erudite Pedant*
 Seeme in his artles lines so insolent?

O

But

But thus it is when pittie Priscians
Will needs step vp to be Censorians.

When once they can in true skan'd verses frame
A braue Encomium of good Vertues name.

Why thus it is, when Mimick Apes will striue
With Iron wedge the trunks of Oakes to riuē.

But see, his spirit of detraction
Must nibble at a glorious action.

Euge! some gallant spirit, some resolu'd blood
Will hazard all to worke his Countries good
And to enrich his soule, and raise his name
Will boldly faile vnto the rich *Guiane.*

What then? must straight some shameles Satyrift
With odious and opprobrious termes insift
To blast so high resolu'd intention
With a malignant vile detraction?

So haue I seene a curre dogge in the streete
Pisse gainst the fairest posts he still could meete.
So haue I seen the march wind striue to fade
The fairest hewe that Art, or Nature made.

So Envy still doth bark at clearest shine
And striues to staine heroick acts, deuine.

Well, I haue cast thy water, and I see
Th'art false to wits extreamest pouerty,

Sure in Consumption of the spritly part.

Goe vse some Cordiall for to cheere thy hart:

Or els I feare that I one day shall see

Thee fall, into some dangerous Lethargie.

But come fond Bragart, crowne thy browes with Bay
Intrance thy selfe in thy sweet extasie.

Come, manumit thy plumie pinion,

And scower the sword of Eluifh champion,

Or els vouchsafe to breathe in wax-bound quill,
 And daine our longing eares with musick fill:
 Or let vs see thee some such stanzaes frame
 That thou maist raise thy vile inglorious name.
 Summon the Nymphs and Driades to bring
 Some rare inuention, whilst thou doost sing
 So sweet, that thou maist shoulder from aboue
The Eagle from the staires of friendly Ioue:
And leade sad Pluto Captiue with thy song,
Gracing thy selfe, that art obscur'd so long.
 Come somewhat say (but hang me when tis done)
Worthy of brasse, and hoary marble stone;
Speake yee attentine Swaines that heard him neuer.
 Will not his Pastorals indure for euer?
 Speake yee that neuer heard him ought but raile
 Doe not his Poems beare a glorious faile?
 Hath not he strongly iustled from aboue
The Eagle from the staires of friendly Ioue?
May be, may be, tut tis his modesty,
He could if that he would, nay would if could I see.
 Who cannot raile? and with a blasting breath
 Scorch euen the whitest Lillies of the earth?
 Who cannot stumble in a stuttering stile?
 And shallow heads with *seeming shades* beguile?
 Cease, cease, at length to be maleuolent,
 To fairest bloomes of Vertues eminent.
 Striue not to soile the freshest hewes on earth
 With thy malicious and vpbraiding breath.
Enuie, let Pines of Ida rest alone,
 For they will growe spight of thy thunder stone,
 Striue not to nible in their swelling graine
 With toothles gums of thy detracting braine:

Eate not thy dam, but laugh and sport with me
At strangers follies with a merry glee.

Lets not maligne our kin. Then Satyrist

I doe salute thee with an open fist.



S A T Y R E V.

Parua magna, magna nulla.

Ambitious *Gorgons*, wide-mouth'd *Lamians*,
Shape-changing *Proteans*, damn'd *Briarians*,
Is *Minos* dead, is *Radamanth* a sleepe;
That yee thus dare vnto *Ioues* Pallace creepe?
What, hath *Ramnusia* spent her knotted whip?
That yee dare striue on *Hebes* cup to sip?
Yet know *Apolloes* quiuer is not spent
But can abate your daring hardiment.
Python is slaine, yet his accursed race,
Dare looke diuine *Astrea* in the face:
Chaos returne, and with confusion
Inuolue the world with strange disunion:
For *Pluto* sits in that adored chaire
Which doth belong vnto *Mineruas* heire.
O Hecatombē! O Catastrophe!
From *Mydas* pompe, to *Irus* beggery!
Prometheus, who celestially fier
Did steale from heauen, therewith to inspire
Our earthly bodies with a fence-full minde,
Whereby we might the depth of Nature find,

*Huc vs-
que Xili-
num.*

Is ding'd to hell, and vulture eates his hart
 Which did such deepe Philofophy impart
 To mortall men. When theeuing *Mercury*
 That euen in his new borne infancy
 Stole faire *Apollos* quiner, and *Jones* mace,
 And would haue filch'd the lightning from his place,
 But that he fear'd he should haue burnt his wing
 And sing'd his downy feathers new come spring;
 He that in gaffly shade of night doth leade
 Our soules, vnto the empire of the dead.
 When he that better doth deserue a rope
 Is a faire planet in our Horoscope.
 And now hath *Caduceus* in his hand
 Of life and death that hath the sole command.
 Thus petty thefts are payed, and soundly whipt,
 But greater crimes are slightly ouerslitt:
 Nay he's a God that can doe villany
 With a good grace, and glib facility.

The harmles hunter, with a ventrous eye
 When vnawares he did *Diana* spie,
 Nak'd in the fountaine he became straightway
 Vnto his greedy hounds a wistful pray,
 His owne delights taking away his breath,
 And all ungratefull forc'd his fatal death.
 (And euer since Hounds eate their Maisters cleane,
 For so *Diana* curst them in the streame.)
 When strong backt *Hercules* in one poore night
 With great, great ease, and wondrous delight
 In strength of lust and *Venus* surquedry
 Rob'd fifty wenches of virginity,
 Farre more than lusty *Laurence*, Yet poore soule
 He with *Acteon* drinks of *Nemis* bole,

When *Hercules* lewd act, is registred,
 And for his fruitfull labour Deified.
 And had a place in beauen him assigned
 When he the world, vnto the world resigned.
 Thus little scapes are deeply punished,
 But mighty villanes are for Gods adored.
Ioue brought his sifter to a nuptiall bed,
 And hath an *Hebe*, and a *Ganemede*,
 A *Leda* and a thousand more beside,
 His chaste *Alomena*, and his sifter bride:
 Who fore his face was odiously defil'd
 And by *Ixion* grosely got with child.
 This thunderer, that right vertuously
 Thrust forth his father from his empery
 Is now the great Monarko of the earth,
 Whose awfull nod, whose all commaunding breath
 Shakes Europe's ground-worke §. And his title makes
 As dread a noyse, as when a Canon shakes
 The subtile ayre. Thus hell-bred villany
 Is still rewarded with high dignity.
 When *Sisyphus* that did but once reueale
 That this incestious villane had to deale
 In Ile *Pbliunte* with *Egina* faire,
 Is damn'd to hell, in endles black dispaire.
 Euer to reare his tumbling stone vpright
 Vpon the steepy mountaines lofty height.
 His stone will neuer now get greenish mosse.
 Since he hath thus incur'd so great a losse
 As *Ioues* high fauour, But it needs must be
 Whilst *Ioue* doth rule, and sway the empery.

§ *Rex hominumque Deorumque.*

And

And poore *Astrea's* fled into an Ile
 And liues a poore and banished exile:
 And there pen'd vp, sighs in her sad lament,
 Wearing away in pining languishment.
 If that *Sylenus* Assie doe chauce to bray,
 And so the Satyres lewdnes doth bewray,
 Let him for euer be a sacrifice;
 Pricke, spurre, beate, loade, for euer tyranise
 Ouer the foole, But let some *Cerberus*
 Keepe back the wife of sweet tongu'd *Orpheus*,
Gnato applaudes the Hound. Let that same child
 Of Night and Sleepe, (which hath the world desil'd
 With odious railing) barke gainst all the work
 Of all the Gods, and find some error lurke
 In all the graces. Let his lauer lip
 Speake in reproach of Natures workmanship,
 Let him vpbraide faire *Venus* if he list
 For her short heele. Let him with rage insist
 To snarle at *Vulcans* man, because he was
 Not made with windowes of transparant glas,
 That all might see the passions of his mind.
 Let his all-blasting tongue great errors find
 In *Pallas* house, because if next should burne
 It could not from the sodaine-perill turne.
 Let him vpbraide great *Ioue* with luxury
 Condemne the Heauens Queene of ielousie.
 Yet this same Stygian *Momus* must be prayd
 And to some Godhead at the least be raised.
 But if poor *Orpheus* sing melodiously,
 And striue with musicks sweetest symphonie
 To praise the Gods, and vnaduisedly
 Doe but ore-slip one drunken Deitie,

Forthwith

Forthwith the bouzing *Bacchus* out doth send
 His furious *Bacchides*, to be reueng'd.
 And straight they teare the sweet Musitian,
 And leaue him to the dogs diuision.
Hebrus, beare witnes of their crueltie,
 For thou did'st view poore *Orpheus* tragedi.
 Thus slight neglects are deepest villanie,
 But blasting mouthes deserue a deitie.
 Since *Gallus* slept, when he was set to watch
 Least *Sol* or *Uulcan* should *Mauortius* catch
 In using *Venus*: since the boy did nap,
 Whereby bright *Phæbus* did great *Mars* intrap.
 Poore *Gallus* now, (whilom to *Mars* so deere)
 Is turned to a crowing Chaunteclere;
 And euer since, fore that the sun doth shine,
 (Least *Phæbus* should with his all-peircing eyne
 Discry some *Uulcan*,) he doth crow full shrill,
 That all the ayre with Ecchoes he doth fill.
 Whilst *Mars*, though all the Gods do see his sin,
 And know in what lewd vice he liueth in,
 Yet is adored still, and magnified,
 And with all honors duly worshipped.
Euge! small faults to mountaines straight are raised,
 Slight scapes are whipt, but damned deeds are praised.
 Fie, fie, I am deceiued all thys while,
 A mist of errors doth my sence beguile;
 I haue beene long of all my witts bereauen,
 Heauen for hell taking, taking hell for heauen;
 Vertue for vice, and vice for vertue still,
 Sower for sweet, and good for passing ill.
 If not? Would vice and odious villanie
 Be still rewarded with high dignity?

Would

Would damned *Iouians*, be of all men praised,
And with high honors vnto heauen raised?

Tis so, tis so; Riot, and Luxurie
Are vertuous, meritorious chastitie:
That which I thought to be damn'd hel-borne pride
Is humble modestie, and nought beside;
That which Idee med *Bacchus* surquedry,
Is graue, and staied, civill, *Sobrietie*.
O then thrice holy age, thrice sacred men!
Mong whom no vice a-Satyre can discerne,
Since Lust is turned into *Chastitie*,
And Riot, vnto sad *Sobrietie*.

Nothing but goodnes raigæth in our age,
And vertues all are ioyn'd in marriage.
Heere is no dwelling for Impiety,
No habitation for base Villanie.
Heere are no subiects for *Reprooses* sharpe vaine,
Then hence rude Satyre, make away amaine;
And seeke a seate where more Impuritie
Doth lye and lurke in still securitie.

Now doth my Satyre stagger in a doubt,
Whether to cease, or els to write it out.
The subiect is too sharpe for my dull quill.
Some sonne of *Maya* show thy riper skill.
For Ile goe turne my tub against the sunne,
And wistly marke how higher Plannets runne,
Contemplating their hidden motion.
Then on some *Latmos* with *Endimion*,
Ple slumber out my time in discontent,
And neuer wake to be maleuolent,
A beedle to the worlds impuritie;
But euer sleepe in still securitie.

If thys

If thys displease the worlds wrong-iudging sight,
 It glads my soule, and in some better spright
 I'll write againe. But if that this doe please,
 Hence, hence, Satyrick Muse, take endlesse ease.
 Hush now yee Band-doggs, barke no more at me,
 But let me slide away in secrecie.

EPICETUS.

AT LONDON,

Printed by *James Roberts*. 1598.

THE
SCORGE
OF
VILLANIE.

Three Bookes of SATYRES.

By JOHN MARSTON.

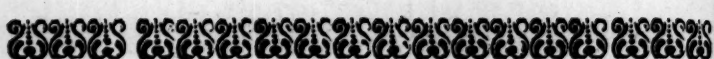
Nec scambros metuentia carmina, nec thus.

PERSIUS.



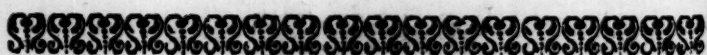
AT LONDON,
Printed by I. R. Anno Dom.
1599.

Reprinted 1764.



To his most esteemed, and best beloved
Selfe.

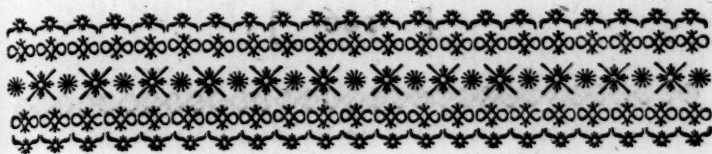
DAT DEDICATQUE.



Printed by J. R. Anno Domini

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T O

DETRACTION I present my POESIE.

FOule canker of faire vertuous action,
Vile blaster of the freshest bloomes on earth,
Enuies abhorred childe, *Detraction*,
I here expose, to thy al-tainting breath,
The issue of my braine: snarle, raile, barke, bite,
Knowe that my spirit scornes *Detractions* spight.

Knowe that the *Genius*, which attendeth on,
And guides my powers intellectuall,
Holds in all vile repute *Detraction*,
My soule an essence metaphysicall,
That in the basest fort scornes *Critickes* rage,
Because he knowes his sacred parentage.

My spirit is not puffed vp with fatte fume
Of slimie Ale, nor *Bacchus* heating grape.
My minde disdaines the dungy muddy scum
Of abiect thoughts, and *Enuies* raging hate.
True iudgement slight regards Opinion,
A sprightly wit disdaines Detraction.

A partiall praise shall neuer eleuate
My settled censure of my own esteeme.
A cankered verdict of malignant hate
Shall nere prouoke me, worse my selfe to deeme.
Spight of despight, and rancors villanie,
I am my selfe, so is my poesie.

P

Fy



In Lectores prorsus indignos.

FY Satyre fie, shall each mechanick slaue,
 Each dunghill pefant, free perusall haue
 Of thy well labor'd lines? Each sattin sute,
 Each quaint fashion-monger, whose sole repute
 Rests in his trim gay clothes, lie flauering
 Tainting thy lines with his lewd censuring?
 Shall each odde puiſne of the Lawyers Inne,
 Each barmy-froth, that last day did beginne
 To read his little, or his *nere a whit*,
 Or shall some greater auntient, of lesse wit,
 (That neuer turn'd but browne Tobacco leaues,
 Whose fences some damn'd *Occupant* bereaues)
 Lye gnawing on thy vacant times expence?
 Tearing thy rimes, quite altering the fence?
 Or shall perfum'd *Castilio* censure thee?
 Shall he oreview thy sharpe-fang'd poesie?
 (Who nere read further than his *Mistresse* lips)
 Nere practiz'd ought, but som spruce capring skips
 Nere in his life did other language vse,
 But *sweet Lady*, *faire Mistris*, *kind Hart*, *deere Cuz*,
 Shall this *Fantasma*, this *Colosse* peruse,
 And blast with stinking breath, my budding Muse?
 Fie, wilt thou make thy wit a *Curtezan*
 For euery broking hand-crafts artizan?
 Shall brainlesse *Cyterne* heads, each iobernole,
 Pocket the very *Genius* of thy soule?
 I *Phylo*, I, I'le keepe an open hall,
 A common, and a sumptuous festiuall.

Welcome

Welcome all eyes, all eares, all tongues to mee,
Gnaw pefants on my scraps of Poesie.

Castilios, *Cyprians*, court-boyes, spanish blocks,
Ribanded eares, Granado-netherstocks,

Fidlers, scriueners, pedlers, tynkering knaues,
Base blew-coates, tapsters, broad-minded slaues

Welcome I-faith: but may you nere depart,
Till I haue made your gauled hides to smart.

Your gauled hides? au aunt base muddy scum.

Thinke you a Satyres dreadful sounding drum

Will brace itselfe? and daine to terrifie

Such abiect pefants basest roguery?

No, no, passe on ye vaine fantasticke troupe

Of puffie youths; Knowe I do scorne to stoupe

To rip your liues. Then hence lewd nags away,

Goe read each poast, view what is plaid to day,

Then to *Priapus* gardens. You *Castilio*,

I pray thee let my lines in freedome goe,

Let me alone, the madams call for thee,

Longing to laugh at thy wits pouerty.

Sirra, liuorie cloake, you lazie slipper slaue,

Thou fawning drudge, what would'st thou Satyres haue?

Base mind away, thy master calcs, be gone,

Sweet *Gnato* let my poesie alone.

Goe buy some ballad of the Faiery King,

And of the begger wench, some roguie thing,

Which thou maist chaunt vnto the chamber-maid

To some vile tune, when that thy Master's laid.

But will you needs stay? am I forc't to beare

The blasting breath of each lewd censurer?

Must naught but cloths, and images of men,

But sprightlesse trunks, be Iudges of thy pen?

Nay then come all. I prostitute my Muse,
 For all the swarmes of Idiots to abuse.
 Reade all, view all, euen with my full consent,
 So you will know that which I neuer meant;
 So you will nere conceiue, and yet dispraise
 That which yon nere conceiu'd, and laughter raise
 Where I but striue in honest seriousnesse,
 To scourge some soule-polluting beastlinesse.
 So you will raile, and finde huge errors lurke
 In euery corner of my Cynick worke.
 Proface, read on, for your extreamest dislikes
 Will adde a pineon, to my praises flights.
 O, how I bristle vp my plumes of pride,
 O, how I thinke my Satyres dignifi'd,
 When I once heare some quaint *Castilio*,
 Some supple mouth'd flauie, some lewd *Tubrio*,
 Some spruce pedant, or some span-new come fry
 Of Innes a-court, striuing to vilefie
 My dark reproofes. Then doe but raile at me,
 No greater honour craues my poesie.

1. But ye diuiner wits, celestiall soules, (troules,
 Whose free borne minds no kennell thought con-
 Ye sacred spirits, *Mayas* eldest sonnes,

2. Yee substance of the shadowes of our age,
 In whom all graces linke in mariage,
 To you how cheerefully my Poem runnes.

3. True iudging eyes, quick sighted censurers,
 Heauens best beauties, wisdomes treasurers,
 O how my loue embraceth your great worth!

Yee

4. Yee Idols of my soule, yee blessed spirits,
How shall I giue true honor to your merrits!
Which I can better thinke, then here paint forth.

You sacred spirits, *Maia*s eldest sonnes,
To you how cheerefully my poeme runnes!
O how my loue embraceth your great worth!
Which I can better thinke, then here paint forth.
O rare!



To those that seeme iudiciall Perusers.

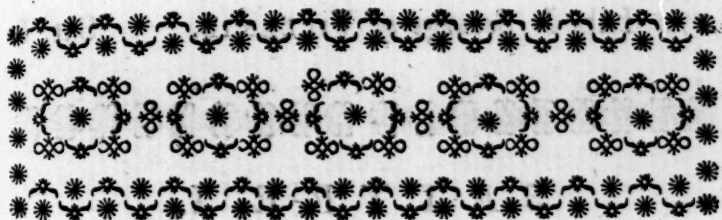
K Nowe, I hate to affect too much obscuritie and harsh-
nesse, because they profit no sense. To note vices,
so that no man can understand them, is as fond, as the
French execution in picture. Yet there are some (too
many) that thinke nothing good, that is so curteous, as
to come within their reach. Tearing all Satyres ba-
stard) which are not palpable darke, and so rough writ,
that the hearing of them read, would set a mans teeth
on edge. For whose vnseasoned palate I wrote the first
Satyre, in some places too obscure, in all places mislyk-
ing me. Yet when by some scurvie chaunce it shall
come into the late perfumed fist of iudiciall *Torquatus*,
(that like some rotten stick in a troubled water, hath
gotte a great deal of barmie froth to stick to his sides) I
knowe hee will vouchsafe it, some of his new-minted
Epithets, (as *Reall*, *Intrinfecate*, *Delphicke*,) when in my
conscience hee vnderstands not the least part of it. But
from thence proceedes his iudgment. *Persius* is crabby,

because auntient, and his ierkes, (being peticularly given to priuate customes of his time) dusky. *Iurvenall* (upon the like occasion) seemes to our iudgement, gloomy. Yet both of them goe a good seemely pafe, not stumbling, shuffling. *Chaucer* is hard euen to our vnderstandings; who knowes not the reason? how much more those olde Satyres which expresse themselues in termes, that breathed not long euen in their daies. But had wee then liued, the vnderstanding of them had beene nothing hard. I will not deny there is a seemely decorum to be obserued, and a peculiar kinde of speech for a Satyres lips. which I can willinglyer conceiue, then dare to prescribe; yet let me haue the substance rough, not the shadow. I cannot, nay I will not delude your sight with mists; yet I dare defend my plainenesse against the veriuice-face, of the Crabbedst Satyrist that euer stuttered. He that thinks worse of my rimes then my selfe, I scorn him, for hee cannot: he that thinkes better, is a foole. So fauour me, *Good opinion*, as I am farre from being a *Suffenus*. If thou perusest mee with an vnpartiall eye, reade on: if otherwise, know I nether value thee, nor thy censure.

W. KINSAYDER.



P R O.



P R O E M I U M

I N

LIBRUM PRIMUM.

I Beare the scourge of iust *Rhamnusia*,
Lashing the lewdnesse of *Britannia*.

Let others sing as their good *Genius* moues,
Of deepe designes, or else of clipping loues.
Faire fall them all, that with wits industrie,
Doe cloath good subiectes in true poesie,
But as for me, my vexed thoughtfull soule
Takes pleasure in displeasing sharpe controule.

Thou nursing Mother of faire wisdomes lore,
Ingenuous Melancholy, I implore

Thy graue assistance: take thy gloomy seate.

Inthroned thee in my blood, let me intreate.

Stay his quicke iocund skips, and force him runne

A sad pas't course, vntill my whips be done.

Daphne, vnclip thine armes from my sad brow,

Blacke Cypresse crowne me, whilst I vp doe plow.

The hidden entrailes of rank villany,

Tearing the vaile from damn'd impietie.

Quake guzzell dogs, that liue on putred slime,

Skud from the lashes of my yerking rime.

Marry



S A T Y R E I.

Fronti nulla fides.

Marry God forefend, *Martius* sweares he'le stab.
Phrigo, feare not, thou art no lying drab.
 What though dagger hack'd mouthes of his blade sweares
 It slew as many as figures of yeares
Aqua fortis eate in't, or as many more,
 As methodist *Musus* kild with Hellebore
 In autumnne last, yet he beares the male lye
 With as smooth calme, as *Mecho* riuallie.
 How ill his shape with inward forme doth fadge,
 Like *Aphrogenias* ill-yok'd marriage,
 Fond Physiognomer, *Complexion*
Guides not the inward disposition,
Inclines I yeeld, Thou sai'st law *Iulia*,
 Or *Catoes* often curst *Scatinia*
 Can take no hold on simpring *Lesbia*.
 True, not on her eye: yet Allom oft doth blast,
 The sprouting bud that faine would longer last.
 Chary *Casca*, right pure, or *Rhodanus*,
 Yet each night drinkes in glassie *Priapus*.

Yon pine is faire, yet foully doth it ill
 To his owne sprouts: marke, his rank drops distill
 Foule Naples canker in their tender rinde.
 Woe worth when trees drop in their proper kinde.
Mistagogus, what meanes this prodigy?
 When *Hiedolgo* speakes 'gainst vsury,

When

Lib. I. *Scourge of VILLANIE.* Sat. I. 173

When *Verres* railes 'gainst thieues, *Mylo* doth hate
Murder, *Clodius* cuckolds, *Marius* the gate
Of squinting *Ianus* shuts? Runne beyond bound
Of *Nil ultra*, and hang me when on's found
Will be himselfe. Had Nature turn'd our eyes
Into our proper selues, these curious spies
Would be asham'd: *Flavia* would blush to flout,
When *Oppia* cals *Lucina* helpe her out.
If she did thinke, *Lynceus* did know her ill,
How Nature Art, how Art doth Nature spill.
God pardon me, I often did auer
Quod gratis grate: the Astronomer
An honest man, but Ile do so no more,
His face deceiu'd me; but now, since his whore
And sifter are all one, his honestie
Shall be as bare as his Anatomie,
To which he bound his wife: O packstaffe rimes!
Why not, when court of stars shall see these crimes?
Rods are in pisse, I for thee *Empericke*,
That twenty graines of *Oppium* will not sticke
To minister to babes. Heer's bloody daies,
When with plaine hearbes *Mutius* more men slaies
Then ere third *Edwards* sword. Sooth in our age,
Mad *Coribantes* neede not to enrage
The peoples mindes. You *Ophiogine*
Of *Hellepont*, with wrangling villanie
The swoln world's inly stung, then daine a touch,
If that your fingers can effect so much.
Thou sweete Arabian *Panchaia*,
Perfume this nastie age: smugge *Lesbia*
Hath stinking lunges, although a simpring grace,
A muddy inside, though a surphul'd face.

O for

O for some deep-searching *Corycean*,
To ferret out yon lewd *Cynedian*.

How now *Brutus*, what shape best pleaseth thee?
All *Protean* formes, thy wife in venery,
At thy inforcement takes? well goe thy way,
Shee may transforme thee ere thy dying day.
Hush, *Gracchus* heares; that hath retailed more lyes,
Broched more slaunders, done more villanies,
Then *Fabius* perpetuall golden coate
(Which might haue *Semper idem* for a mott)
Hath been at feasts, and led the measuring
At Court, and in each marriage reueling,
Writ *Palephatus* comment on those dreames,
That *Hylus* takes, midst dung-pit reaking steames
Of *Atbos* hote house, Gramercie modest smyle,
Chremes asleepe, *Paphia*, sport the while.
Lucia, new set thy ruffe, tut thou art pure,
Canst thou not hispe, (*good brother*) look demure?
Fye *Gallus*, what, a Skeptick *Pyrrhomist*?
When chaste *Dictinna*, breakes the Zonelike twist?
Tut, hang vp *Hieroglyphickes*. Ile got faine
Wresting my humor, from his natiue straine.



S A T Y R E II.

Difficile est Satyram non scribere.

— *Iuue.*

I Cannot holde, I cannot I indure
To view a big womb'd foggy clowde immure
The radiant tresses of the quickning sunne,
Let Custards quake, my rage must freely runne.

Preach

Lib. I. *Scourge of VILLANIE.* Sat. II. 175

Preach not the Stoickes patience to me.

I hate no man, but mens impietie.

My soule is vext: what power will resist,

Or dares to stop a sharpe fangd Satyrist?

Who'le coole my rage? who'le stay my itching fist?

But I will plague and torture whom I list.

If that the three-fold wals of *Babylon*

Should hedge my tongue, yet I should raile vpon

This fustie world, that now dare put in vre

To make *IEHOUA* but a couerture,

To shade ranck filth. *Loose conscience is free,*

From all conscience, what els hath libertie?

As't please the Thracian Boreas to blow,

So turnes our ayerie conscience, to, and fro.

What icye Saturnist, what Northerne pate,

But such grosse lewdnesse would exasperate?

I thinke, the blind doth see the flame-God rise

From sisters couch, each morning to the skies,

Glowing with lust. Walke but in duskie night,

With *Lynceus* eyes, and to thy piercing sight

Disguised Gods will showe, in pesants shape,

Prest to commit some execrable rape.

Here *Ioues* lust-Pandar, *Maias* iuggling sonne,

In clownes disguise, doth after milk-maids runne.

And, fore he'le loose his brutish lechery,

The truls shall taste sweet Nectars surquedry.

There *Iunos* brat, forsakes *Neries* bed,

And like a swaggerer, lust fiered,

Attended only with his smock-sworne Page,

Pert *Gallus*, slyly slips along, to wage

Tilting

Tilting incounters, with some spurious feede
Of marrow pies, and yawning Oysters breede.

O damn'd!

Who would not shake a Satyres knotty rod?
When to defile the sacred seate of God
Is but accounted Gentlemens disport?
To snort in filth, each hower to resort
To brothell pits; alas a veniall crime,
Nay, royall, to be last in *thirtieth* slime.

Ay me, hard world for Satyrists beginne
To set vp shop, when no small petty sinne
Is left vnpurg'd. Once to be purfie fat
Had wont be cause that life did macerate.
Marry the iealous Queene of ayre doth frowne,
That Ganimede is vp, and Hebe downe.
Once *Albion* liu'd in such a cruell age
Than men did hold by seruile villenage,
Poore brats were slaues, of bond-men that were borne,
And marted, sold: but that rude law is torne,
And disannuld, as too too inhumane,
That Lords ore pesants should such seruice straine.
*But now, (sad change!) the kennell sincke of slaues
Pesant great Lords, and seruile seruice craues.*

Bondslaue sonnes had wont be bought and sold:
But now *Heroes* heires (if they haue not told
A discreet number, 'fore their dad did die)
Are made much of: how much from merchandie?
Tail'd, and retail'd, till to the pedlers packe,
The fourth-hand ward-ware comes: alack, alack.
*Would truth did know I lyed: but truth, and I
Doe know that sense is borne to misery.*

Oh would

Oh would to God, this were their worst mischance,
Were not their soules fould to darke ignorance.

*Fair godnes is foul ill, if mischiefes wit
Be not repress from lewd corrupting it.*

O what dry braine melts not sharp mustard rime,
To purge the snottory of our slimie time !

Hence idle *Caue.* Vengeance pricks me on,
When mart is made of faire Religion.

Reform'd bald *Trebus* swore, in Romish quier
He sold Gods-essence for a poor denier.

The Egyptians adored Onions,
To Garlike yeelding all deuotions.

O happie Garlike, but thrice happie you,
Whose senting gods in your large gardens grew.

Democritus, rise from thy putred slime,
Sport at the madnesse of that hotter clime,

Deride their frenzy, that for policie
Adore Wheate dough, as reall deitie.

Almighty men, that can their maker make,
And force his sacred bodie to forsake

The Cherubins, to be gnawne actually,
Diuiding *indiuidium*, really:

Making a score of Gods, with one poore word.

I, so I thought, in that you could afford,
So cheape a penny-worth. O ample field,

In which a Satyre may iust weapon weelde.

But I am vext, when swarmes of *Iulians*

Are stil manur'd by lewd *Precisians*.

Who scorning Church rites, take the symbole vp,

As slouenly, as carelesse Courtiers slup

Their mutton gruell. Fie, who can with-hold,

But must of force make his mild muse a scold?

Q

When

When that hee greeued fees, with red vext eyes,
That Athens antient large immunities
Are eyesores to the Fates. Poore cels forlorne,
Ist not enough you are made an abiect scorne
To ieering apes, but must the shadow too
Of auncient substance, be thus wrung from you!
O split my heart, least it doe breake with rage,
To see th'immodest loosenesse of our age.
Immodest loosenesse? sic, too gentle word,
When euery signe can brothelry afford:
When lust doth sparkle from our females eyes,
And modestie is rousted in the skyes.

Tell me *Gallittæ*, what meanes this signe,
When impropriat gentles will turne *Capuchine*?
Sooner be damn'd. O stufte Satyricall!

When rapine feeds our pomp, pomp ripes our fall:
When the guest trembles at his hosts swart looke,
The son doth feare his stepdame, that hath tooke
His mothers place, for lust: the twin-borne brother
Malignes his mate, that first came from his mother.

When to be huge, is to be deadly sicke.

When vertuous pesants will not spare to lick
The diuels taile for poore promotion.

When for neglect, slubbred *Deuotion*

Is wan with grieve. When *Rufus* yauns for death
Of him that gaue him vnderferued breath.

When *Hermus* makes a worthy question,

Whether of *Wright*, as *Paraphonalion*

A siluer pisse-pot fits his Lady dame?

Or is't too good? a pewter best became.

When *Agrippina* poysons *Claudius* sonne,

'That all the world to her owne brat might run.

When

Lib. I. *Scourge of VILLANIE.* Sat. III. 179

When the husband gapes that his stale wife would dy,
That he might once be in by *Curtisie*.
The big paunch't wife longs for her loth'd mates death,
That she might haue more ioyntures here on earth.
When tenure for short yeares (by many a one)
Is thought right good be turn'd forth *Littleton*,
All to be *beaddy*, or *free-hold* at least,
When tis all one, for long life be a beast,
A slaue, as haue a short term'd tenancie.
When dead's the strength of Englands yeomanry;
When invdation of luxuriousnesse
Fats all the world with such grosse beastlinesse,
Who can abstaine? what modest braine can hold,
But he must make his shamefac'd Muse a scold?



S A T Y R E I I I .

Redde, age, quæ deinceps resisti.

IT's good be warie, whilst the sunne shines cleer;
(Quoth that old chuffe, that may dispend by yeer
Three thousand pound) whil't hee of good pretence
Commits himselfe to Fleet, to saue expence.
No Countries Christmas: rather tarry heere,
The Fleete is cheap, the country hall too deere.
But *Codrus*, harke, the world expects to see
Thy bastard heire rot there in misery.
What? will *Luxurio* keepe so great a hall,
That he will prooue a bastard in his fall?

Q 2

No:

No: *come on sue*: S. George, by beauen at all
Makes his catastrophe right tragicall.
At all? till nothings left: *Come on*, till all comes off,
I haire and all: *Luxurio* left a scoffe
To leaproous filths: O stay, thou impious slaue,
Teare not the lead from off thy fathers graue,
To stop base brokeage: sell not thy fathers sheet,
His leaden sheet; that strangers eyes may greete
Both putrification of thy greedy Sire,
And thy abhorred viperous desire.
But wilt thou needs, shall thy Dads lacky brat
Weare thy Sires halfe-rot finger in his hat?
Nay then *Luxurio* waste in obloquie,
And I shall sport to heare thee faintly cry;
A die, a drab, and filthy broking knaues
Are the worlds wide mouthes, all deuouring graues.
Yet *Samus* keeps a right good house I heare.
No, it keepes him, and free'th him from chill feare
Of shaking fits. How then shall his smug wench,
How shall her bawd (fit time) assist her quench
Her sanguine heate? *Lynceus*, canst thou sent?
She hath her Monkey, and her instrument
Smooth fram'd at *Uitrio*. O greuous misery!
Lufcus hath left her female luxury.
I, it left him; No, his old Cynick Dad
Hath forc't him cleane forsake his Pickhatch drab.
Alack, alack, what peece of lustfull flesh
Hath *Lufcus* left, his *Priape* to redresse?
Griue not good soule, he hath his *Ganimede*,
His perfum'd she-goat, smooth kembd and high fed.
At Hogson now his monstrous lust he feasts,
For there he keepes a bawdy-house of beasts.

Paphus

Lib. I. *Scourge of VILLANIE.* Sat. III. 181

Paphus, let *Luscus* haue his Curtezan,
 Or we shall haue a monster of a man.
 Tut, *Paphus* now detaines him from that bower,
 And clasps him close within his brick-built tower.
Diogenes, thou art damn'd for thy lewd wit,
 For *Luscus* now hath skill to practise it.
 Faith what cares he for faire *Cynedian* boyes?
 Veluet cap't Goats, dutch Mares? tut common toies,
 Detaine them all, on this condition
 He may but use the Cynick friction.

O now ye male stewes, I can giue pretence
 For your luxurious incontinence.
 Hence, hence, ye falsed, seeming Patriotes,
 Returne not with pretence of saluing spots,
 When here yee soyle vs with impuritie,
 And monstrous filth of Doway seminary.
 What though *Iberia* yeeld you libertie,
 To snort in source of Sodome villany?
 What though the bloomes of young nobilitie,
 Committed to your *Rodons* custodie,
 Yee *Nero* like abuse? yet nere approche,
 Your new *S. Homers* lewdnes here to broche;
 Taynting our Townes, and hopefull Academes,
 With your lust-bating most abhorred meanes.

Valladolid, our Athens gins to taste
 Of thy rank filth. Camphire and Lettuce chaste
 Are clean casheird, now *Sopbi* Ringoes eate,
 Candi'd Potatoes are Athenians meate.
 Hence Holy-thistle, come sweete marrow pie,
 Inflame our backs to itching luxurie.
 A Crabs bak't guts, a Lobsters butterd thigh,
 I heare them sweare is bloud for venerie.

Had I some snout-faire brats, they should indure
 The new found *Castilion* callenture,
 Before some pedant Tutor, in his bed,
 Should vse my frie, like Phrigian *Ganimede*.
 Nay then chaste cels, when greasie *Aretine*,
 For his rank *Fico*, is firnam'd diuine.
 Nay then come all yee veniall scapes to me,
 I dare well warrant, you'le absolved be.
Rufus, I'le terme thee but intemperate,
 I will not once thy vice exaggerate:
 Though that each howre thou lewdly swaggerest,
 And at the quarter day, pay'ft interest
 For the forbearance of thy chalked score:
 Though that thou keep'ft a taly with thy whore:
 Since *Nero* keepes his mother *Agrippine*,
 And no strange lust can satiate *Messaline*.

Tullus goe scotfree, though thou often bragst,
 That for a *false French-Crowne*, thou vaulting hadst;
 Though that thou know'ft, for thy incontinence,
 Thy drab repaid thee *true French pestilence*.
 But tush, his boast I beare, when *Tegeran*
 Brags that hee soyfts his rotten *Curtezan*
 Vpon his heire, that must haue all his lands:
 And them hath ioyn'd in *Hymens* sacred bands.
 I'le winke at *Robrus*, that for vicinage
 Enters common, on his next neighbors stage:
 When *Ioue* maintaines his sifter and his whore;
 And she incestuous, icalous euermore,
 Least that *Europa* on the Bull should ride:
Woe worth, when beasts for filth are deified.

Alacke poore rogues, what Cenfor interdicts
 The veniall scapes of him that purses picks?

When

Lib. I. *Scourge of VILLANIE.* Sat. III. 183

When some flie, golden-slopt *Castilio*
Can cut a manors strings at *Primero*?
Or with a pawne, shall giue a Lordship mate;
In statute staple chaining fast his state?

What Academick starued Satyrift
Would gnaw rez'd Bacon? or, with inke black fitt,
Would tosse each muck-heap, for some outcast scraps
Of halfe-dung bones, to stop his yawning chaps?
Or, with a hungry hollow halfe pin'd iaw,
Would once, a thrice-turn'd, bone-pickt subiect gnaw?
When swarmes of Mountebanks, and Bandeti
Damn'd Briareans, sinks of villanie,
Factors for lewdnes, Brokers for the deuill,
Infect our soules with all polluting euill.

Shall *Lucia* scorne her husbands luke-warm bed?
(Because her pleasure, being hurried
In ioultung Coach, with glassie instrument,
Doth farre exceede the *Paphian* blandishment)
Whilst I (like to some mute *Pythagoran*)
Halter my hate, and cease to curse and ban
Such brutish filth? Shall *Matbo* raise his fame,
By printing pamphlets in anothers name,
And in them praise himselfe, his wit, his might,
All to be deem'd his Countries Lanthorne light?
Whilst my tongues ty'de with bonds of blushing shame,
For fear of broehing my concealed name?
Shall *Balbus*, the demure Athenian,
Dreame of the death of next *Vicarian*?
Cast his natiuitie? marke his complexion?
Waigh well his bodies weake condition?
That, with guilt sleight, he may be sure to get
The Planets place, when his dim shine shall set?

Shall

When

Shall *Curio* streake his lims on his daies couch,
 In Sommer bower? and with bare groping touch.
 Incense his lust, consuming all the yeere
 In *Cyprian* dalliance, and in *Belgick* cheere?
 Shall *Faunus* spend a hundred gallions
 Of Goates pure milke, to laue his stalions,
 As much Rose iuyce? O bath! O royall, rich
 To scower *Faunus*, and his faut proud bitch.
 And when all's cleans'd, shal the slaues inside stinke
 Worfe than the new cast slime of *Thames* ebd-brink;
 Whilst I securely let him ouer-slip,
 Nere yerking him with my Satyricke whip?

Shall *Crispus* with hypocrisie beguile,
 Holding a candle to some fiend a while?
 Now Iew, then Turke, then seeming Christian,
 Then Athiste, Papist, and straight Puritan,
 Now nothing, any thing, euen what you list,
 So that some guilt may grease his greedy fist?

Shall *Damas* vse his third-hand ward as ill
 As any iade that tuggeth in the mill?
 What, shall law, nature, vertue be reiected?
 Shall these world Arteries be soule-infected,
 With corrupt bloud? Whilst I shal *Martia* taske?
 Or some young *Villius*, all in choller aske,
 How he can keepe a lazie waiting man,
 And buy a hoode, and siluer-handled fan,
 With fortie pound? Or snarle at *Lollios* sonne;
 That with industrious paines hath harder wonne
 His true got worship, and his gentries name,
 Then any Swine-heards brat, that lousie came
 To luskish Athens: and, with farming pots,
 Compiling beds, and scouring greasie spots,

Lib. I. *Scourge of VILLANIE.* Sat. III. 185

By chance (when he can like taught Parrat cry,
Deerely belou'd, with simpering grauitie)
Hath got the farme of some gelt Vicary,
And now on cock-horse, gallops iollily;
Tickling with some stolne stuffe his senselesse cure,
Belching lewd termes gainst all sound liltrature.
Shall I with shadowes fight? taske bitterly
Romes filth? scraping base channell roguerie?
Whilst such huge Gyants shall affright our eyes
With execrable, damn'd impieties?
Shall I finde trading *Mecho*, neuer loath
Frankly to take a damning periured oath?
Shall *Furia* brooke her sisters modesty,
And prostitute her soule to brothelry?
Shall *Coffus* make his well-fac't wife a stale,
To yeeld his braided ware a quicker sale?
Shall cock-horse, fat-pauncht *Milo* staine whole stocks
Of well borne soules, with his adultering spots?
Shall broking Pandars sucke Nobilitie?
Soyling faire stems with foul impuritie?
Nay, shall a trencher slaue extenuate
Some *Lucrece* rape? and straight magnificate
Lewde *Iouian* lust? Whilst my Satyrick vaine
Shall muzled be, not daring out to straine
His tearing paw? No, gloomy *Iuvenall*,
Though to thy fortunes I disastrous fall.



I Marry



S A T Y R E IV.

C R A S.

I Marry Sir, here's perfect honesty,
When *Martius* will forswear all villany,
(All damn'd abuse of paiment in the warres,
All filching from his prince and Souldiers)
When once he can but so much bright dirt gleane,
As may maintaine one more White-friers queane,
One drab more, faith then farewell villany,
He'le cleanse himselfe to Shoreditch puritie.

As for *Stadius*, I thinke he hath a soule :
And if he were but free from sharpe controule
Of his sower host, and from his Taylors bill,
He would not thus abuse his riming skill ;
Iading our tired eares with fooleries,
Greasing great slaues, with oylie flatteries :
Good faith I thinke, he would not striue to sute
The back of humorous Time (for base repute,
Mong dunghill pesants) botching vp such ware,
As may be salable in Sturbridge fare.
If he were once but freed from specialty :
But sooth, till then, beare with his balladry.

I ask't lewd *Gallus* when he'le cease to sweare,
And with whole-culuerin, raging oaths to teare
The vault of heauen; spitting in the eyes
Of natures Nature, lothsome blasphemies.

Lib. I. *Scourge of VILLANIE.* Sat. IV. 187

To morrow, he doth vow he will forbear.
Next day I meete him, but I heare him sweare
Worse then before: I put his vowe in minde.
He answerrs me, to morrow: but I finde,
He sweares next day, farre worse then ere before;
Putting me off, with morrow euermore.
Thus when I vrge him, with his sophistrie
He thinks to salue his damned periury.

Sylenus now is old, I wonder, I
He doth not hate his triple venerie.
Cold, writhled Eld, his liues-wet almost spent,
Me thinkes a vnitie were competent:
But O faire hopes! he whispers secretly,
When it leaues him, he'le leaue his lechery.

When simpring *Flaccus* (that demurely goes
Right neatly tripping on his new blackt toes)
Hath made rich vse of his Religion,
Of God himselfe, in pure deuotion:
When that the strange *Ideas* in his head
(Broched 'mongst curious fots, by shadowes led)
Haue furnish't him, by his hore auditors
Of faire demeafnes, and goodly rich mannors,
Sooth then he will repent, when's treasury
Shall force him to disclaime his heresie.

What will not poore neede force? But being sped,
God for vs all, the gurmonds paunch is fed:
His mind is chang'd: but when will he doe good?
To morrow: I, to morrow, by the Rood.

Yet *Rufcus* sweares, he'le cease to broke a sute:
By peasant meanes strining to get repute,
Mong puffie Spunges, when the Fleet's defraidd,
His reuell tier, and his Laundresse paid.

There

There is a crewe which I too plaine could name,
 If so I might without th' *Aquimians* blame,
 That lick the tail of greatnesse with their lips :
 Laboring with third-hand iests, and Apish skips,
 Retayling others wit, long barrell'd,
 To glib some great mans eares, till panch be fed :
 Glad if themselues, as sporting fooles, be made,
 To get the shelter of some high-growne shade.
To morrow, yet these base tricks they'le cast off,
 And cease for lucre be a ieering scoffe.
Rufus will leaue, when once he can renue
 His wasted clothes, that are asham'd to view
 The worlds proud eyes, *Drusus* wil cease to fawne,
 When that his Farme, that leaks in melting pawne,
 Some Lord-applauded iest hath once set free.
 All will *to morrow* leaue there roguery.
 When fox-furd *Mecha* (by damn'd vfury,
 Cutthroate deceite, and his crafts villany)
 Hath rak't together some four thousand pound,
 To make his smug gurle beare a bumming sound
 In a young merchants eare, faith then (may be)
 He'le ponder if there be a Deitie;
 Thinking, if to the Parish pouerty,
 At his wisht death, be dol'd a half-penny,
A worke of Supererogation,
A good filib-cleansing strong purgation.
Aulus will leaue begging Monopolies,
 When that 'mong troopes of gaudy Butter-flies,
 He is but able iet it iollily,
 In pie-bald futes of proud Court brauery.
To morrow doth *Luxurio* promise me,
 He will vnline himselfe from bitchery.

Lib. I. *Scourge of VILLANIE.* Sat. IV. 189

Marry *Alcides* thirteenth act must lend
A glorious period, and his lust-itch end.
When once he hath froth-foaming *Ætna* past,
At one an thirtie being alwaies last.

If not to *Day* (quoth that *Nasonian*)
Much lesse to *morrow*. Yes saith *Fabian*:
For ingrain'd Habits, died with often dips,
Are not so soone discoloured. Young slips
New set, are easily mou'd, and pluck't away:
But elder rootes clip faster in the clay.

I smile at thee, and at the *Stagerite*:
Who holds, the liking of the appetite,
Being fed with actions often put in vre,
Hatcheth the soule, in quality impure,
Or pure. May be in vertue: but for vice,
That comes by inspiration, with a trice.
Young *Furius* scarce fifteen yeares of age
But is, straight-waies, right fit for marriage,
Vnto the diuell: for sure they would agree;
Betwixt their soules their is such sympathy.

O where's your sweatie habit? when each Ape,
That can but spy the shadowe of his shape,
That can no sooner ken what's vertuous,
But will auoid it, and be vitious.
Without much doe, or farre fetch't habiture.
In earnest thus; *It is a sacred cure*
To salue the soules dread wounds, Omnipotent
That Nature is, that cures the impotent,
Euen in a moment, Sure, Grace is infus'd
By diuine fauour, not by actions us'd.
Which is as permanent as beauens blisse
To them that haue it, then no habit is.

To morrow, nay, to day, it may be got.
So please that gracious Power cleanse thy spot.

Vice, from priuation of that sacred Grace,
Which God with-drawes, but puts not vice in place.
Who saies the funne is cause of vgly night?

Yet when he vailes our eyes from his faire sight,
The gloomy curtaine of the night is spred,
Yee curious sotts, vainely by Nature led,
Where is your vice, or vertuous habite now?

For, *Sustine pro nunc* doth bend his brow,
And old crabb'd *Scotus*, on th' *Organon*,
Pay'th me with snaphaunce, quick distinction;
Habits, that intellectuall tearmed be,

Are got, or else infus'd from Deitie.

Dull Sorbonist, fly contradiction.

Fie, thou oppugn'st the definition,
If one should say; *Of things tearm'd rationall,*
Some reason haue, others mere sensuall:

Would not some freshman, reading *Porphirie*,
Hisse and deride such blockish foolery?

Then vice nor vertue haue from habite place:

The one from want, the other sacred grace,
Infus'd, displac't, not in our will or force,

But as it please Iehoua haue remorse.

I will, cries *Zeno*: O presumption!

I can: thou maist, dogged opinion

Of thwarting Cynicks. To day vitious,

List to their percepts, next day vertuous.

Peace *Seneca*, thou belchest blasphemy.

To liue from God, but to liue happily

(I heare thee boast) *from thy Philosophy,*

And from thy selfe, O rauening lunacy!

Cynicks,

Lib. I. *Scourge of VILLANIE.* Sat. IV. 191

Cynicks, yee wound your selues. For Destiny,
Inevitable Fate, Necessitie

You hold doth sway the acts spirituall,
As well as parts of that wee mortall call.

Wher's then *I will*? wher's that strong Deity,
You do ascribe to your Philosophy?

Confounded Natures brats, can *will* and *Fate*
Haue both their seate, and office in your pate?

O hidden depth of that dread Secrecie,
Which I doe trembling touch in poetry!

To day, to day, implore obsequiously:

Trust not *to morrowes will*; least vtterly

Yee be attach't with sad confusion,

In your Grace-tempting lewd presumption.

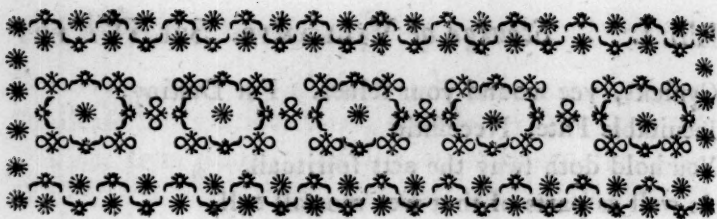
But I forget: why sweat I out my braine,

In deep designs, to gay boyes, lewd, and vaine?

These notes, were better sung, 'mong better sort:

But, to my pamphlet, few, saue fooles, resort.

Libri primi finis.



P R O E M I U M

I N

LIBRUM SECUNDUM.

I Cannot quote a motte Italionate,
Or brand my Satyres with some Spanish terme.
I cannot with swolne lines magnificate

Mine owne poore worth, or as immaculate
Task others rimes; as if no blot did staine,
No blemish soyle my young Satyrick vaine.

Nor can I make my soule a merchandize,
Seeking conceits to sute these Artlesse times.
Or daine for base reward to poetize:
Soothing the world, with oylly flatteries.
Shall mercenary thoughts prouoke me write?
Shall I, for lucre, be a Parasite?

Shall I once pen for vulgar sorts applause?
To please each hound? each dungy Scauenger?
To fit some Oyster-wenches yawning iawes?
With tricksey tales of speaking Cornish dawes?
First let my braine (bright hair'd *Latona* sonne)
Be cleane distract with all confusion.

What

What though some *Iohn-à-file* will basely toyle,

Only incited with the hope of gaine :

Though roguie thoughts do force some iade-like Moile:

Yet no such filth my true-borne Muse will soyle.

O *Epictetus*, I doe honour thee,

To thinke how rich thou wert in pouertie.



Ad rithmum.

COME prettie pleasing symphonie of words,
 Ye wel-matcht twins (whose like-tun'd tongs affords
 Such musicall delight) come willingly
 And daunce *Leuoltoes* in my poesie.
 Come all as easie, as spruce *Curio* will,
 In some Courthall, to shew his capring skill,
 As willingly come meete and iump together,
 As new ioyn'd loues, when they do clip each other,
 As willingly, as wenches trip a round,
 About a May-pole, after bagpipes found.
 Come riming numbers, come and grace conceite,
 Adding a pleasing close; with your deceit,
 Inticing eares. Let not my ruder hand
 Seeme once to force you in my lines to stand.
 Be not so fearefull (prettie soules) to meete,
 As *Flaccus* is, the Sergeants face to greete.
 Be not so backward, loth to grace my sense,
 As *Drusus* is, to haue intelligence
 His Dad's aliue; but come into my head
 As iocundly, as (when his wife was dead)

Young *Lelius* to his home. Come like-fac't rime,
 In tunefull numbers keeping musicks time.
 But if you hang an arse, like *Tubered*,
 When *Chremes* dragd him from his brothell bed,
 Then hence base ballad stufte: my poetry
 Disclaimes you quite. For know, my libertie
 Scornes riming lawes. Alas poore idle sound:
 Since I first *Phæbus* knew, I neuer found
 Thy interest in sacred poesie.
 Thou to Inuention add'st but surquedry,
 A gaudie ornature: but hast no part,
 In that soule-pleasing high infused art,
 Then if thou wilt clip kindly in my lines,
 Welcome thou friendly aide of my designes.
 If not? No title of my senselesse change
 To wrest some forced rime, but freely range.
 Yee scrupulous obseruers, goe and Learne
 Of *Æsops* dogge; meat from a shade discerne.



S A T Y R E V.

Totum in toto.

HAng thy selfe *Drusus*: hast nor armes nor braine?
 Some Sophy say, *The Gods sell all for paine.*
 Not so.

Had not that toying Thebans steeled back
 Dread poysoned shafts, liu'd he now, he should lack,
 Spight of his farming Oxe-stawles. *Themis* selfe
 Would be casheir'd from one poore scrap of pelfe.

If

Lib. II. *Scourge of VILLANIE.* Sat. V. 195

If that she were incarnate in our time,
She might luske scorned in disdained slime,
Shaded from honour by some enuious mist
Of watry fogges, that fill the ill-stufft list
Of faire Desert, iealous euen of blind dark,
Least it should spie, and at their lamenesse barke.

Honors shade thrusts honors substance from his place.

Tis strange, when shade the substance can disgrace.

Harsh lines cries *Curus*, whose eares nere reioyce,

But as the quauering of my Ladies voice.

Rude limping lines fits this lewd halting age.

Sweet senting *Curus*, pardon then my rage,

When wisards sweare plaine vertue neuer thriues:

None but *Priapus* by plaine dealing wiues.

Thou subtile *Hermes*, are the Destinies

Enamour'd on thee? then vp mount the skies.

Aduance, depose, do euen what thou list,

So long as Fates doe grace thy iuggling fist.

Tuscus, hast *Beuclarkes* armes and strong sinewes,

Large reach, full fed vaines, ample reuenewes?

Then make thy markets by thy proper arme,

O, brawny strength is an all-canning charme.

Thou dreadlesse *Thracian*, hast *Hallerbotius* slaine?

What? ist not possible thy cause maintaine,

Before the dozen *Areopagites*?

Come *Enagonian*, furnish him with slights,

Tut, *Plutos* wrath, *Proserpina* can melt,

So that thy sacrifice be freely felt.

What cannot *Iuno* force in bed with *Ioue*?

Turne and returne a sentence with her loue,

Thou art too dusky. Fie, thou shallow *Asse*,

Put on more eyes, and marke me as I passe.

Well

Well plainly thus; *Sleight, Force* are mighty things,
 From which, much (if not most) earths glory springs
 If vertues selfe, were clad in humane shape,
 Vertue without these, might goe beg and scrape.
 The naked truth is, a well cloathed lie,
 A nimble quick pate mounts to dignitie.
 By force or fraude that matters not a jot,
 So masse wealth may fall vnto thy lot

I heard old *Albius* sweare, *Flavus* should haue
 His eldest gurle, for *Flavus* was a knaue:
 A damn'd deep-reaching villain, and would mount
 (He durst well warrant him) to great account.
 What though he laid forth all his stock and store
 Vpon some office, yet he'le gaine much more,
 Though purchast deere. Tut, he will trebble it
 In some fewe Termes, by his extorting wit.

When I, in simple meaning, went to sue
 For tong-tide *Damus*, that would needs go wooe,
 I prais'd him for his vertuous honest life.
 By God, cries *Flora*, Ile not be his wife.
 He'le nere come on. Now I swear solemnely,
 When I goe next, I'le praise his villany:
 A better field to range in now a daies.
 If vice be vertue, I can all men praise.

What though pale *Maurus* paid huge symonies
 For his halfe-dozen gelded vicaries:
 Yet with good honest cut-throat vsury,
 I feare he'le mount to reuerent dignity.
 O sleight! all-canning sleight! all-damning sleight!
 The onely gally-ladder vnto might.

Tuscus is trade false: yet great hope he'le rise,
 For now he makes no count of periuries.

Lib. II. *Scourge of VILLANIE.* Sat. V. 197

Hath drawn false lights from pitch-black louveries
Glased his braided ware; cogs, sweares, and lies.
Now since he hath the grace, thus gracelesse be,
His neighbours sweare, he'le swell with treasure.

Tut: Who maintaines, such goods, ill got, decay?

No: they'le sticke by the soule, they'le nere a-way.

Luscus, my Lords perfumer, had no sale,

Vntill he made his wife a brothell stale.

Abfurd, the gods sell all for industry?

When, what's not got by hell-bred villany?

Codrus my well-fac't Ladies taile-bearer,

(He that some-times play th' *Flauias* vscherer)

I heard one day complaine to *Lynceus*,

How vigilant, how right obsequious,

Modest in carriage, how true in trust,

And yet (alas) nere guerdond with a crust.

But now I see, he findes by his accounts,

That sole *Priapus*, by plaine dealing, mounts.

How now? what, droupes the newe *Pegasian* Inne?

I feare mine host is honest. *Tut*, beginne

To set vp whorehouse. Nere too late to thrine,

By any meanes, at *Porta Rich* arriue;

Goe vse some sleight, or line poore *Irus* life,

Straight prostitute thy daughter, or thy wife;

And soone be wealthy: but be damn'd with it.

Hath not rich *Mylo* then deepe reaching wit?

Faire age!

When tis a high, and hard thing t'haue repute

Of a compleat villaine, perfect, absolute,

And roguing vertue brings a man defame,

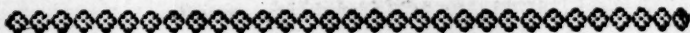
A packstaffe Epethite, and scorned name.

Hath

Fie:

Fie; how my wit flagges! how heauly,
 Me thinks I vent dull spritelesse poesie!
 What cold black frost congeales my nummed brain?
 What enuious power stops a Satyres vaine?
 O now I knowe, the iuggling God of sleights,
 With *Caduceus* nimble *Hermes* fights,
 And mists my wit; offended, that my rimes
 Display his odious, world-abusing crimes.

O be propitious, powerfull God of Arts,
 I sheath my weapons, and do break my darts.
 Be then appeas'd, Ile offer to thy shrine,
 An *Hecatombe*, of many spotted kine.
Myriades of beasts shall satisfie thy rage,
 Which doe prophane thee in this Apish age.
 Infectious bloud, yee gouty humors quake,
 Whilst my sharpe Razor doth incision make.



S A T Y R E VI.

Hem nosti'n.

C*Vrio*, know'st me? why thou bottle-ale,
 Thou barmie froth! O stay me least I raile
 Beyond *Nil ultra*; to see this butterfly,
 This windy bubble taske my balladry,
 With senselesse censure, *Curio*, know'st my sp'rite?
 Yet deem'st that in sad seriousnessse I write?
 Such nasty stufte, as is *Pigmalion*?
 Such maggots-tainted, lewd corruption.

Lib. II. *Scourge of VILLANIE.* Sat. VI. 199

Ha, how he glauers with his fawning snout,
And sweares, he thought, I meant but faintly snout
My fine smug rime, O barbarous dropie noule!
Think'st thou, that *Genius* that attends my soule,
And guides my fist to scourge *Magnificoes*,
Wil daigne my minde be rank't in *Paphian* shoues?
Thinkst thou, that I, which was create to whip
Incarnate fiends, will once vouchsafe to trip
A Paunis trauerse? or will lisse (*sweet loue*)
Or pule (*Aye me*) some female soule to moue?
Think'st thou, that I in melting poesie
Will pamper itching sensualitie?

*(That in the bodies scumme all fatally
Intombes the soules most sacred faculty.)*

Hence thou misiudging Censor: know I wrot,
Those idle rimes, to note the odious spot
And blemish, that deforms the lineaments
Of moderne Poesies habiliments.
Oh that the beauties of inuention,
For want of iudgements disposition,
Should all be spoil'd. O that such treasurie,
Such straines of well-conceited poesie,
Should moulded be, in such a shapelesse forme,
That want of Art should make such wit a scorne.

Here's one must inuocate some lose-leg'd Dame,
Some brothel drab, to helpe him stanzaes frame,
Or els (alas) his wits can haue no vent,
To broch conceits industrious intent.

Another yet dares tremblingly come out:
But first he must invoke good *Colin Clout*.

Yon's one hath yeand a fearefull prodigy,
Some monstrous mishapen Balladry,

His

His guts are in his braines, huge Iobbernoule,
 Right Gurnets-head, the rest without all foule.
 Another walkes, is lazie, lies him downe,
 Thinkes, reades, atlength some wonted slepe doth crowne
 His new falne lids, dreames, straight, ten pound to one,
 Out steps some Fayery with quick motion,
 And tells him wonders of some flowry vale,
 Awakes, straight rubs his eyes, and prints his tale.

Yon's one, whose straines haue flowne so high a pitch,
 That straight he flags, and tumbles in a ditch.
 His sprightly hot high-soring poesie,
 Is like that dreamed of Imagery,
 Whose head was gold, brest siluer, brassie thigh,
 Lead Leggs, clay feete; O faire fram'd poesie.

Here's one, to get an vnderferu'd repute
 Of deepe deepe learning, all in fustian sute
 Of ill past, farre fetch't words attireth
 His period, that all sense forsweareth.

Another makes old *Homer Spencer* cite,
 Like my *Pigmalion*, where, with rage, delight
 He cries, O *Ouid*! This caus'd my idle quill,
 The world's dull eares with such lewd stuff to fill,
 And gull with bumbast lines, the witleffe sense
 Of these odde nags; whose pates circumference
 Is fill'd with froth. O these same buzzing Gnats
 That sting my sleeping browes, these Nilus Rats,
 Halfe dung, that haue their life from putrid slime,
 These that do praise my loose lasciuious rime;
 For these same shades, I seriously protest,
 I flubberd vp that Chaos indigest,
 To fish for fooles, that stalke in goodly shape:
What though in velvet cloake? yet still an Ape.

Capro reads, sweares, scrubs, and sweares againe,
Now by my soule an admirable straine,
Strokes vp his haire, cries passing passing good.
Oh, there's a line incends his lustfull blood.

Then *Muto* comes, with his new glasse-set face,
And with his late kist-hand my booke doth grace,
Straight reades, then smiles, and lisps (*'tis pretty good*)
And praiseth that he neuer vnderstood.
But roome for *Flaccus*, he'le my Satyres read.
Oh how I trembled straight wth inward dread!
But when I sawe him read my fustian,
And heard him sweare I was a Pythian,
Yet straight recald, and sweares I did but quote
Out of *Xilinum* to that margents note;
I could scarce hold, and keepe myselfe conceal'd,
But had well-nigh myselfe and all reueal'd.
Then straight comes *Friscus*, that neat Gentleman,
That newe discarded Academician,
Who for he could cry *Ergo*, in the schoole,
Straight-way, with his huge iudgment dares controule
Whatso'ere he viewes; *That's pretty good*:
That Epithite hath not that sprightly blood
Which should enforce it speake: that's Persius waine:
That's Iuvenal's, heere's Horace crabbid straine;
Though he nere read one line in *Iuvenall*,
Or, in his life, his lazie eye let fall
On duskie *Persius*. O indiginitie
To my respectlesse free-bred poesie.

Hence ye big-buzzing little-bodied Gnats,
Yee tatling Ecchoes, huge tongu'd Pigmy brats:
I meane to sleepe: wake not my slumbring braine,
With your malignant, weake, detracting vaine.

S

What

What though the sacred issue of my soule
 I here expose to Idiots controule?
 What though I beare, to lewd Opinion,
 Lay ope, to vulgar prophanation,
 My very *Genius*? Yet know, my poesie
 Doth scorne your vtmost, rank't indiginitie.
 My pate was great with child, and here tis eas'd
 Vexe all the world, so that thy selfe be pleas'd.



S A T Y R E VII.

A Cynicke Satyre.

A *Man, a man, a kingdome for a man.*
 Why how now currish, mad Athenian?
 Thou Cynick dog, see'st not the streets do swarme
 With troupes of men? No, no: for *Cyrces* charme
 Hath turn'd them all to Swine. I neuer shall
 Thinke those same *Samian* sawes authenticall:
 But rather I dare sweare, the soules of swine
 Doe liue in men. For that same radiant shine,
 That lustre wherewith natures *Nature* decked
 Our intellectuall part, that glosse is soyled
 With stayning spots of vile impiety,
 And muddy durt of sensualitie.
 These are no men, but *Apparitions*,
Ignes fatui, *Glowewormes*, *Fictions*,
Meteors, *Rats of Nilus*, *Fantasies*,
Colosses, *Pictures*, *Shades*, *Resemblances*.

Ho *Linceus*!

See'st thou

Lib. II. *Scourge of VILLANIE.* Sat. VII. 203

Seest thou yon gallant in the sumptuous clothes,
How brisk, how spruce, how gorgeiously he shows?
Note his French-herring bones: but note no more,
Vnlesse thou spy his faire appendant whore,
That lackies him. Marke nothing but his clothes,
His new stamp't complement, his Cannon oathes.
Marke those: for naught, but such lewd viciousnes,
Ere graced him, faue Sodome beastlinesse.
Is this a *Man*? Nay, an incarnate deuill,
That struts in vice, and glorieth in euill.

A man, a man. Peace Cynick, yon is one:
A compleat soule of all perfection.
What, mean'st thou him that walks all open breasted?
Drawn through the eare with Ribands, plumy crested?
He that doth snort in fat-fed luxury,
And gapes for some grinding Monopoly?
He that in effeminate inuention,
In beastly source of all pollution,
In ryot, lust, and fleshly seeming sweetnesse,
Sleepes sound secure, under the shade of greatnesse?
Mean'st thou that sencelesse, sensuall Epicure?
That sinke of filth, that guzzle most impure?
What he? *Linceus* on my word thus presume,
He's nought but clothes, and senting sweet perfume.
His verie soule, assure thee *Linceus*,
Is not so bigge as is an Atomus:
Nay, he is sprightlesse, sense or soule hath none,
Since last *Medusa* turn'd him to a stone.

A man, a man; Lo yonder I espie
The shade of *Nestor* in sad grauitie.
Since old *Sylenus* brake his Asses back,
He now is forc't his paunch, and guts to pack

In a faire Tumbrell. Why, sower Satyrift,
 Canst thou vnman him? Here I dare infist
 And soothly say, he is a perfect soule,
 Eates Nectar, drinckes Ambrosia, saunce controule.
 An inundation of felicitie
 Fats him with honor, and huge treasurie.
 Canst thou not *Linceus* cast thy searching eye,
 And spy his eminent Catastrophe?
 He's but a sponge, and shortly needes must leese
 His wrong got iuice, when greatnes fist shall squeeze
 His liquor out. Would not some head,
 That is with seeming shadowes only fed,
 Swear yon same Damaske-coat, yon garded man
 Were some graue sober *Cato Utican*?
 When let him but in iudgements fight vncase,
 He's naught but budge, old gards, browne fox-fur face
 He hath no soule, the which the Stagerite
 Term'd rationall: for beastly appetite,
 Base dunghill thoughts, and sensuall action
 Hath made him loose that faire creation.
 And now no man, since *Circes* magick charme
 Hath turn'd him to a maggot, that doth swarme
 In tainted flesh: whose soule corruption
 Is his faire foode: whose generation
 Anothers ruine. O *Canaans* dread curse
 To liue in peoples sinnes. Nay far more worse
 To muke ranke hate. But sirra, *Linceus*,
 Seest thou that troupe that now affronteth vs?
 They are nought but Eeles, that neuer will appeare
 Till that tempestuous winds or thunder teare
 Their slimy beds. But prithee stay a while,
 Looke, yon comes *Iohn-a-noke*, and *Iohn-a-sile*,
They are

Lib. II. *Scourge of VILLANTE.* Sat. VII. 205

They are nought but slowe-pac't, dilatory pleas,
Demure demurrers, still striving to appease
Hote zealous loue. The language that they speake,
Is the pure barbarous blackfaunt of the Geate:
Their only skill rests in *Collusions*,
Abatements, stoppels, inhibitions.

Heauy-pas't lades, dull pated Iobernoules
Quick in delayes, checking with vaine controules
Faier Iustice course, vile necessary euils,
Smooth seeming-faints, yet damn'd incarnate diuels.

Farre be it from my sharpe Satyrick Muse,
Those graue and reuerend legists to abuse,
That aide *Astrea*, that doe further right:
But these *Megea*'s that inflame despight,
That broche deepe rancor, that do study still
To ruine right, that they their panch may fill
With *Irus* blood; these Furies I doe meane,
These Hedge-hogs, that disturbe *Astreas* Scean.

A man, a man: peace Cynicke, yon's a man,
Behold you sprightly dread *Mauortian*
With him I stop thy currish barking chops.
What, meanst thou him, that in his swaggring slops
Wallowes vnbraced, all along the streete?
He that salutes each gallant he doth meete,
With *farewell sweete captaine, kind hart, adew*,
He that last night, tumbling thou didst view
From out the great mans head; and thinking still
He had beene Sentinell of warlike Brill,
Cryes out *Que va la?* zounds *Que?* and out doth draw
His transformd ponyard, to his *Syringe* straw,
And stabs the drawer. What, that *Ringo roote?*
Mean'st thou that wasted leg, puffed bumbast boot?

What, he that's drawne, and quartered with lace?
 That *Westphalian* gamon Cloue-stuck face?
 Why, he is nought but huge blaspheming othes,
 Swart snout, big looks, misshapen Switzers clothes
 Weake meager lust hath now consumed quite,
 And wasted cleane away his Martiall spright:
 Infeebling ryot, all vices confluence
 Hath eaten out that sacred influence
 Which made him man.

That diuine part is soak't away in sinne,
 In sensuall lust, and midnight beueling.
 Ranke inundation of luxurionsnesse
 Haue tainted him with such grosse beastlinesse,
 That now the seat of that celestially essence
 Is all possesst with Naples pestilence.
 Fat peace, and dissolute impietie
 Haue lulled him in such securitie,
 That now, let whirlwinds and confusion teare
 The Center of our state, let Giants reare
 Hill upon hill, let westerne *Termagant*
 Shake heauens vault; he with his Occupant,
 Are clingd so close, like deaw-worms in the morne
 That he'le not stir, till out his guts are torne
 With eating filth. *Tubris*, snort on, snort on,
 Till thou art wak't with sad confusion.

Now raile no more at my sharpe Cynick sound,
 Thou brutish world, that in all vilenesse drown'd
 Hast lost thy soule: for naught but shades I see,
 Resemblances of men inhabite thee.

Yon Tissue sloop, yon Holy-crossed pane,
 Is but a water-spaniell that will faune,

And kisse

*And kisse the water, whilst it pleasures him:
But being once arrived at the brim,
He shakes it off.*

Yon in the capring cloake, a mimick Ape,
That ouely strives to seeme an others shape.

Yon's *Æsops Ass*, yon sad civility
Is but an Oxe, that with base drudgery
Eates vp the land, whilst some gilt Ass doth chaw
The golden wheat; he well apayd with straw.

Yon's but a muckhill ouer-spread with snowe,
Which with that vaile doth euen as fairely showe
As the greene meades, whose native outward faire
Breathes sweet perfumes into the neighbour ayre.

Yon effeminate sanguine *Ganimede*,
Is but a Beuer, hunted for the bed.

*Peace Cynick, see what yonder doth approach,
A cart? a tumbrell? no a badged coach.
What's in't? some man. No, nor yet woman kinde,
But a celestiall Angell, faire refine.
The diuell as soone. Her maske so hinders me
I cannot see her beauties deitie.*

Now that is off, she is so vizarded,
So sleept in Lemons iuyce, so surphuled
I cannot see her face. Vnder one hooode

Two faces: but I neuer understood
Or saw one face vnder two hoods till now.

Tis the right semblance of old *Ianus* brow.

Her maske, her vizard, her loose-hanging gowne,
(For her loose lying body) her bright spangled crowne
Her long slit sleeues, stiffe buske, puffed verdingall
Is all that makes her thus angelicall.

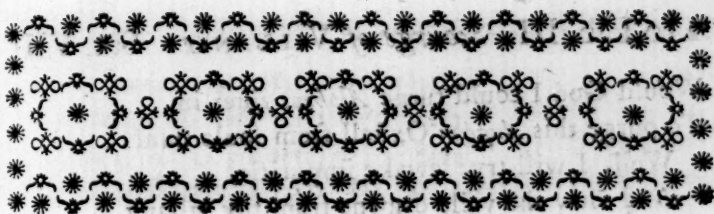
Alas, her

Alas, her soule struts round about her neck,
 Her seate of sense is her rebato set,
 Her intellectuall is a fained nicenesse,
 Nothing but clothes, and simpring precisenesse.

Out on these puppets, painted Images,
 Haberdashers shops, torch-light maskeries,
 Perfuming pans, Dutch ancients, Glowe-worms bright
 That soyle our soules, and dampe our reasons light:
 Away, away, hence Coach-man, goe inshrine
 Thy new glas'd puppet in port Esqueline.
 Blush *Martia*, feare not, or looke pale, all's one,
Margara keepes thy set complexion.
 Sure I nere thinke those axioms to be true,
 That soules of men, from that great soule ensue,
 And of his essence doe participate
 As 'twere by pipes; when so degenerate,
 So aduerse is our natures motion,
 To his immaculate condition:
 That such foule filth, from such faire puritie,
 Such sensuall acts, from such a Deitie,
 Can nere proceed. But if that dreame were so,
 Then sure the slime, that from our soules do flowe,
 Haue stopt those pipes by which it was conuei'd,
 And now no humane creatures; once disfrai'd
 Of that faire iem.
 Beasts *sense*, plants *growth*, like being as a stone.
 But out alas, our *Cognisance* is gone.

Finis libri secundi.

In serious



P R O E M I U M

I N

LIBRUM TERTIUM.

I N serious iest, and iesting seriousness,
I strive to scourge polluting beastliness,
I innocate no *Delian* Deitie,
Nor sacred of-spring of *Mnemosyne*:
I pray in aid of no *Castalian* Muse,
No Nymph, no femal Angell to infuse
A sprightly wit to raise my flagging wings,
And teach me tune these harsh discordant strings.
I craue no Syrens of our *Halcion* times,
To grace the accents of my rough-hew'd rimes:
But grim *Reproofs*, stearne hate of villany,
Inspire and guid a Satyres poesie
Faure *Detestation* of foule odious sinne,
In which our swinish times lye wallowing.
Be thou my conduct and my *Genius*,
My wits inciting sweet breath'd *Zephirus*.
O that a Satyres hand had force to pluck
Some fludgate vp, to purge the world from muck:
Would God

Would God I could turne *Alpheus* riuer in,
 To purge this *Augean* Oxstall from foule sinne.
 Well, I will try: awake impuritie,
 And view the vaile drawne from thy villany.



S A T Y R E VIII.

Iamorado Curio.

C*urio*, aye me! thy mistres Monkey's dead,
 Alas, alas, her pleasures buried.
 Goe woman's slaue, performe his exequies,
 Condole his death in mournfull Elegies.
 Tut, rather Peans sing *Hermaphrodite*:
 For that sad death giues life to thy delight.

Sweete fac't *Corinna*, daine the riband tie
 Of thy Cork-shooe, or els thy slaue will die:
 Some puling Sonnet toles his passing bell,
 Some sighing Elegie must ring his knell,
 Vnlesse bright sunshine of thy grace reuiue
 His wambling stomack, certes he will diue
 Into the whirle-poole of deuouring death,
 And to some Mermaid sacrifice his breath.
 Then oh, *oh then*, to thy eternall shame,
 And to the honour of sweet *Curios* name,
 This Epitaph, vpon the Marble stone,
 Must faire be grau'd of that true louing one;

Heere lyeth he, he lyeth here,

That bounc't and pittie cryed:

The doore not op't, fell sicke alas,

Alas fell sicke and dyed.

What Mirmidon

Lib. III. *Scourge of VILLANIE.* Sat. VIII. 211

What Mirmidon, or hard Dolopian,
What sauage minded rude Cyclopiā,
But such a sweete pathetique Paphian
Would force to laughter? Ho *Amphitriōn*,
Thou art no Cuckold. What though *Ioue* dallied,
During thy warres, in faire *Alcmenas* bed,
Yet *Hercules* true borne, that imbecillitie
Of corrupt nature all apparantly
Appeares in him. O foule indignitie,
I heard him vow himselfe a slaue to *Omphale*,
Puling (*aye me*) O valours obloquie!
He that the inmost nookes of hell did know,
Whose nere craz'd prowesse all did ouer-throw,
Lyes streaking brawny limmes in weakning bed,
Perfum'd, smooth kemb'd, new glaz'd, fair surphuled:
O that the boundlesse power of the soule
Should be subiected to such base controule!

Big limm'd *Alcides*, doffe thy honours crowne,
Goe spin, huge slaue, least *Omphale* should frowne.
By my best hopes, I blush with grieve and shame
To broach the peasant basenesse of our name.

O now my ruder hand begins to quake,
To thinke what loftie Cedars I must shake:
But if the canker fret the barks of Oakes,
Like humbler shrubs shall equal beare the stroaks
Of my respectlesse rude Satyrick hand.

Vnlesse the Destin's adamantine band
Should tye my teeth, I cannot chuse but bite,
To view *Maurotius* metamorphoz'd quite
To puling sighes, and into (*aye mee's*) state,
With voice distinct, all fine articulate.

Lisping,

212 Lib. III. *Scourge of VILLANIE.* Sat. VIII.

Lisping, *Faire saint, my woe compassionate:*
By heauen, thine eye is my soule-guiding fate.

The God of wounds had wont on *Cyprian* couch
 To streake himselfe, and with incensing touch
 To faint his force, onely when wrath had end:
 But now, 'mong furious garboiles, he doth spend
 His feebled valour, in tilt and turneyng,
 With wet turn'd kisses, melting dallying.
 A poxe vpon't, that *Bacchis* name should be
 The watch-word giuen to the souldierie.
 Goe troupe to field, mount thy obscured fame,
 Cry out *S. George*, invoke thy mistresse name;
 Thy Mistresse and *S. George*, alarum cry
Weake force, weake ayde, that sprouts from luxury.

Thou tedious workmanship of lust-stung *Ioue*,
 Down from thy skyes, enioy our females loue:
 Some fittie more *Beotian* girles will sue
 To haue thy loue, so that thy back be true.

O now me thinks I heare swart *Martius* cry,
 Souping along in warres faind maskerie,
 By *Lais* starrie front he'le forth-with die
 In cluttred blood, his Mistres liuorie.
 Her fancies colours waues vpon his head.
 O well fenc't *Albion*, mainly manly sped,
 When those, that are Soldadoes in thy state,
 Doe beare the badge of base, effeminate,
 Euen on their plumie crests: brutes sensuall,
 Hauing no sparke of intellectual.
 Alack, what hope? when some rank nasty wench
 Is subiect of their voves and confidence?

Publius hates vainly to idolatries,
 And laughes that papists honour Images:

And yet

Lib. III. *Scourge of VILLANIE.* Sat. VIII. 213

And yet (O madnesse) these mine eyes did see
Him melt in mouing plants, obsequiously
Imploring fauor, twining his kinde armes,
Vsing inchauntments, exorcismes, charmes.
The oyle of Sonnets, wanton blandishment,
The force of teares, and seeming languishment,
Vnto the picture of a painted lasse:
I saw him court his Mistresse looking-glasse,
Worship a busk-point, which in secrecie
I feare was conscious of strange villany.
I saw him crouch, deuote his liuelihood,
Sweare, protest, vow pesant seruitude
Vnto a painted puppet, to her eyes
I heard him sweare his sighes to sacrifice.
But if he get her itch-alaying pinne,
O sacred relique, straight he must beginne
To raue out-right: then thus; *Celestiall blisse,
Can heauen grant so rich a grace as this?
Touch it not (by the Lord Sir) tis diuine,
It once beheld her radiant eyes bright shine:
Her haire imbrac't it, O thrice happy prick
That there was thron'd, and in her haire didst stick.
Kisse, blesse, adore it Publius, neuer linne,
Some sacred vertue lurketh in the pinne.*

O frantick fond pathetique passion!
Ist possible such sensuall action
Should clip the wings of contemplation?
O can it be the spirits function,
The soule, not subiect to dimension,
Should be made slaue to reprehension
Of crafty natures paint? Fie, can our soule
Be vnderling to such a vile controule?

T

Saturis

214 Lib. III. *Scourge of VILLANIE.* Sat. VIII.

Saturio wish't himsef his Mistresse buske,
 That he may sweetly lie, and softly lufke
 Betweene her paps, then must he haue an eye
 At eyther end, that freely might descry
 Both hils and dales. But out on *Phrigio*,
 That wish't he were his Mistresse dog, to goe
 And licke her milke-white fist. O pretty grace,
 That pretty *Phrigio* begs but Pretties place.
Parthenophell, thy wish I will omit,
 So beastly tis I may not vtter it.
 But *Punicus*, of all I'le beare with thee,
 That faine would'ft be thy mistresse smug munkey :
 Here's one would be a flea, (iest comicall)
 Another his sweet Ladies verdingall,
 To clip her tender breech: Another he
 Her siluer-handled fan would gladly be:
 Here's one would be his Mistresse neck-lace faine,
 To clip her faire, and kisse her azure vaine.
 Fond fooles, well wisht, and pitty but should be:
For beastly shape to brutish soules agree.

If *Lauras* painted lip doe daine a kisse
 To her enamour'd slaue, O *beauens blisse!*
 (Straight he exclames) *not to be matcht with this!*
 Blaspheming dolt, goe three-score sonnets write
 Vpon a pictures kisse, O rauing spright!

I am not saplesse, old, or reumatick,
 No *Hipponax* mishapen stigmatick,
 That I should thus inueigh 'gainst amorous spright
 Of him whose soule doth turne *Hermaphrodite* :
 But I doe sadly grieue, and inly vexe,
 To viewe the base dishonour of our sexe.

Tush, guilt-

Lib. III. *Scourge of VILLANIE.* Sat. VIII. 215

Tush, guiltlesse Doues, when Gods to force foule rapes
Will turne themselues to any brutish shapes.
Base bastard powers, whom the world doth see
Transform'd to swine for sensuall luxurie.
The sonne of *Saturne* is become a Bull,
To crop the beauties of some female trull.
Now, when he hath his first wife *Metim* sped,
And fairely klok't, least foole gods should be bred
Of that fond Mule: *Themis* his second wife
Hath turn'd away, that his vnbrideled life
Might haue more scope. Yet last his sisters loue
Must satiate the lustfull thoughts of *Ioue*.
Now doth the lecher in a Cuckowes shape
Commit a monstrous and incestuous rape.
Thrice sacred gods, and O thrice blessed skies,
Whose orbes includes such vertuous deities.

What should I say? Lust hath confounded all.
The bright glosse of our intellectuall
Is foully soyl'd. The wanton wallowing
In fond delights, and amorous dallying
Hath dusk't the fairest splendour of our soule;
Nothing now left, but carkas, lothsome, foule.
For sure, if that some spright remained still,
Could it be subiect to lewd *Lais* will?

Reason by prudence in her function
Had wont to tutor all our action,
Ayding with precepts of philosophie
Our feebled natures imbecillitie:
But now affection, will, concupiscence
Haue got o're Reason chiefe preheminence
Tis so: els how should such vile baseness taint
As force it be made slaue to natures paint?

Me thinks the spirits *Pegase Fantase*
 Should hoyse the soule from such base slavery:
 But now I see, and can right plainly shoue
 From whence such abiect thoughts and actions grow.

Our aduerse bodie, being earthly, cold,
 Heaueie, dull, mortall, would not long infold
 A stranger inmate, that was backward still
 To all his dungy, brutish, sensuall will:
 Now here-vpon, our Intellectuall,
 Compact of fire all celestially,
 Invisible, immortall, and diuine,
 Grew straight to scorn his land-lords muddy slime:
 And therefore now is closely slunke away
 (Leauing his smoaky house of mortall clay)
 Adorn'd with all his beauties lineaments
 And brightest iems of shining ornaments,
 His parts diuine, sacred, spirituall,
 Attending on him; leauing the sensuall
 Base hangers on, luskng at home in slime,
 Such as wont to stop port Esqueline.
 Now doth the bodie, led with senselesse will,
 (The which in reasons absence ruleth still)
 Raue, talke idely, as t'were some deitie
 Adorning female painted puppetry,
 Playing at put-pin, doting on some glasse
 (Which breath'd but on, his falsed glosse doth passe)
 Toying with babies and with fond pastime,
 Some childrens sporte, deflowring of chaste time,
 Imploying all his wits in vaine expense,
 Abusing all his organons of sense.

Returne, returne, sacred *Synderefis*,
 Inspire our trunks: let not such mud as this

Pollute

Pollute vs still: Awake our lethargy,
Raife vs from out our brain-sicke foolery.



S A T Y R E IX.

Here's a toy to mocke an Ape indeede.

G Rim-fac't *Reproofe*, sparkle with threatning eye,
Bend thy sower browes in my tart poesie.
Auaunt yee cures, houle in some cloudy mist,
Quake to behold a sharp-fangd Satyrif.
O how on tip-toes proudly mounts my Muse!
Stalking a loftier gate then Satyres vse.
Me thinks some sacred rage warmes all my vaines,
Making my spright mount vp to higher straines
Then well befeemes a rough-tongu'd Satyres part;
But Art curbs Nature, Nature guideth Art.

Come downe yee Apes, or I will strip you quite,
Baring your bald tayles to the peoples sight.
Yee mimick slaues, what are you perch't so hie?
Downe Iack an Apes from thy fain'd royalty.
What furr'd with beard, cast in a Satin sute,
Iudiciall Iack? how hast thou got repute
Of a sound censure? O idiot times,
When gaudy Monkeys mowe ore sprightly rimes!
O world of fooles, when all mens indgement's set,
And rest vpon some mumping Marmoset!
Yon Athens Ape (that can but simpringly
Yaule *Auditores humanissimi*,

Bound to some seruile imitation,
 Can with much sweat patch an oration)
 Now vp he comes, and with his crooked eye
 Presumes to squint on some faire Poesie;
 And all as thanklesse as ungratefull Thames
 He slinks away, leauing but reaking steames
 Of dungy slime behinde. All as ingrate
 He vseth it, as when I satiate
 My spanielles paunch, who straight perfumes the roome,
 With his tailes filth: so this vnciuill groome,
 Ill-tutor'd pedant, *Mortimers* numbers
 With much-pit Esculine filth bescumbers.
 Now th'Ape chatters, and is as malecontent
 As a bill-patch't doore, whose entrailes out haue sent
 And spewd their tenant.

My soule adores iudiciall schollership:
 But when to seruile imitatorship
 Some spruce Athenian pen is prentized,
 Tis worse then Apish. Fie, be not flattered
 With seeming worth. Fond affectation
 Befits an Ape, and mumping Babilon.
 O what a tricksie lerned nicking strain
 Is this applauded, senselesse, modern † vain!
 When late I heard it from sage *Mutius* lips
 How ill me thought such wanton liggin skips
 Beseem'd his grauer speech. *Farre fly thy fame*
Most, most, of me beloued, whose silent name
One letter bounds. Thy true iudiciall stile
I euer honour: and if my loue beguile

† *Non ledere, sed ludere: non lanea, sed linea: non*
ictus, sed nictus potius.

Lib. III. Scourge of VILLANIE. Sat. IX. 219

*Not much my hopes, then thy unvalued worth
Shall mount faire place, when Apes are turned forth.*

I am too mild: reach me my scourge againe.

O yon's a pen speakes in a learned vaine,

Deepe, past all sense. Lanthorne and candle light,

Here's all inuisible, *all mentall spright.*

What hotch potch, giberidge doth the Poet bring?

How strangely speakes? yet sweetly doth he sing.

I once did know a tinkling Pewterer,

That was the vilest stumbling fluttrer

That euer hack't and hew'd our native tongue:

Yet to the Lute if you had heard him sung,

Iesu how sweet he breath'd! You can apply.

O senselesse prose, iudiciall poesie,

How ill you'r link't. This affectation,

To speake beyond mens apprehension,

How Apish tis! When all in fustian sute

Is cloth'd a huge *nothing*, all for repute

Of profound knowledge, when profoundnes knowes

There's naught contain'd, but onely seeming shoves.

Old Iack of Paris-garden, canst thou get

A faire rich sute, though foully run in debt?

Looke smug, smell sweet, take vp commodities,

Keepe whores, fee bauds, belch impious blasphemies,

Wallow along in swaggering disguise,

Snuffe vp smoak-whiffs, and each morne 'fore she rise,

Visit thy drab? Canst vse a false cut die

With a cleane grace, and glib facilitie?

Canst thunder cannon oathes, like th'rattling

Of a huge, double, ful-charg'd culuering?

Then Iack troupe 'mong our gallants, kisse thy fist,

And call them brothers: Say a Satyrist

Swears

Sweares they are thine in neere affinitie,
 All coosin germanes, saue in villany.
 For (sadly truth to say) what are they else
 But imitators of lewd beastlynesse?
 Farre worse than Apes; for mowe, or scratch your pate,
 It may be some odde Ape will imitate:
 But let a youth that hath abus'd his time,
 In wronged trauaile, in that hoter clime,
 Swoope by old Iack, in cloathes Italionate:
 And I'le be hang'd if he will imitate
 His strange fantastique sute shapes:
 Or let him bring or'e beastly luxuries,
 Some hell-deuised lustfull villanies,
 Euen Apes and beasts would blush with natie shame,
 And thinke it foule dishonour to their name,
 Their beastly name, to imitate such sinne
 As our lewd youths doe boast and glory in.
 Fie, whether do these Monkeys carry mee?
 Their very names do soyle my poesie.
 Thou world of Marmosets and mumping Apes,
 Vnmaske, put off thy fained borrowed shapes.
 Why lookes neat *Curus* all so simpringly?
 Why babblest thou of deepe Diuinitie?
 And of that sacred testimoniall?
 Liuing voluptuous like a *Bacchanall*?
 Good hath thy tongue: but thou rank Puritan,
 I'le make an Ape as good a Christian.
 I'le force him chatter, turning vp his eye,
 Looke sad, go graue. Demure ciuilitie
 Shall seeme to say, *Good brother, sister deere.*
 As for the rest, to snort in belly cheere,

To bite

Lib. III. *Scourge of VILLANIE.* Sat. X. 221

To bite, to gnaw, and boldly intermell
With sacred things, in which thou dost excell,
Vnforc't he'le doe. O take compassion
Euen on your soules: make not religion
A bawde to lewdnesse. *Civill Socrates*
Clyp not the youth of *Alcibiades*
With unchast armes. *Disguised Messaline*
I'le teare thy maske, and bare thee to the eyne
Of hissing boyes, if to the Theatres
I finde thee once more come for lecherers,
To satiate (nay, to tyer) thee with the vse
Of weakning lust. Yee fainers, leaue t'abuse
Our better thoughts with your hypocrisie:
Or by the euer-liuing veritie,
I'le strip you nak't, and whip you with my rimes,
Causing your shame to liue to after-times.



S A T Y R E X.

Stultorum plena sunt omnia.

To his very friend, Master E. G.

From out the sadnesse of my discontent,
Hating my wonted iocund merriment,
(Only to giue dull time a swifter wing)
Thus scorning scorne, of Idiot fooles I sing.
I dread no bending of an angry brow,
Or rage of fooles that I shall purchase now.

Who'le

Who'le scorn to sit in ranke of foolery,
 When I'le be master of the company?
 For pre-thee *Ned*, I pre-thee gentle lad,
 Is not he frantique, foolish, bedlam mad,
 That wastes his spright, that melts his very braine
 In deepe designs, in wits dark gloomy straine?
 That scourgeth great slaues with a dreadlesse fist,
 Playing the rough part of a Satyrift,
 To be perus'd by all the dung-scum rable
 Of thin-braind Idiots, dull, vncapable?
 For mimicke apish schollers, pedants; guls,
 Persmu'd inamoratoes, brothell truls?
 Whilst I (poore soule) abuse chaste virgin time,
 Desflowring her with unconceiued rime.
Tut, tut, a toy of an idle empty braine,
Some scurril iests, light geaw-gawes, fruitlesse, vaine.
 Cryes beard-graue *Dromus*, when alas, god knows
 His toothlesse gum nere chew but outward shows.
 Poore budge face, bowcase sleeue, but let him passe
Once furre and beard shall priuiledge an Ass.

And tell me *Ned*, what might that gallant be,
 Who to obtaine intemperate luxury,
 Cuckolds his elder brother, gets an heire,
 By which his hope is turned to despaire?
 In faith (good *Ned*) he damn'd himselfe with cost:
 For well thou know'st full goodly land was lost.

I am too priuate, *Yet me thinkes an Ass*
Rimes well with VIDERIT VTILITAS.
 Euen full as well, I boldly dare auerre
 As any of that stinking Scauenger
 Which from his dunghill he bedaubed on
 The latter page of old *Pigmalion*.

O that

Lib. III. Scourge of VILLANIE. Sat. X. 223

O that this brother of hypocrisie
(Applauded by his pure fraternitie)
Should thus be puffed, and so proude insist,
As play on me the Epigrammatist.
Opinion mounts this froth vnto the skies,
Whom iudgemente reason iustly vilifies.
For (shame to the Poet) reade *Ned*, behold
How wittily a Maisters-hoode can scold.

An Epigram which the Author *Vergidemiarum*, caused to
be pasted to the latter page of euery *Pigmalion*, that
came to the Stationers of Cambridge.

I *Ask't Phisitions what their counsell was*
For a mad dogge, or for a mankind Ass?
They told me though there were confections store
Of Poppie-seede, and soueraigne Hellebore,
The dogge was best cured by cutting and † kinsing,
The Ass must be kindly whipped for winfing.
Now then S. K. I little passe
Whether thou be a mad dogge, or a mankind Ass.

Medice cura teipsum.

Smart ierke of wit! Did ever such a straine
Rise from an Apish schoole-boyes childish braine?
Dost thou not blush good *Ned*, that such a sent
Should rise from thence where thou hadst nutriment?
Shame to Opinion, that perfumes his dung,
And streweth flowers rotten bones among.
Juggling Opinion, thou inchaunting witch,
Paint not a rotten post with colours rich.

† *Mark the witty allusion to my name.*

But now

But now this iuggler with the worlds consent
 Hath half his soule; the other, Complement,
 Mad world the whilstt. But I forget mee, I,
 I am seduced with this poesie:
 And madder then a Bedlam spend sweet time
 In bitter numbers, in this idle rime.
 Out on this humour. From a sickly bed,
 And from a moodie minde distempered,
 I vomit forth my loue, now turn'd to hate,
 Scorning the honour of a Poets state.
 Nor shall the kennell rout of muddy braines
 Rauish my Muses heyre, or heare my straines,
 Once more. No nittie pedant shall correct
 Ænigmaes to his shallow intellect.
 Inchauntment *Ned* hath rauished my sense
 In a Poetick vaine circumference.
 Yet thus I hope (God shield I now should lie)
Many more fooles, and most more wise then I.

V A L E.



S A T Y R E XI.

Humours.

Sleep grim *Reproose*: my iocund Muse doth sing
 In other keys, to nimbler fingering.
 Dull sprighted *Melancholy*, leaue my brain
 To hell *Cimerian* night, in liuely vaine
 I strue to paint, then hence all darke intent
 And sullen frownes; come sporting merriment,

Cheeke

Lib. III. *Scourge of VILLANIE.* Sat. XI. 225

Cheeke dimpling laughter, crowne my very soule
 With iouissance, whilst mirthfull iests controule
 The gouty humours of these pride-swolne daies,
 Which I do long vntill my pen displaies.
 O I am great with mirth: some midwifrie,
 Or I shall breake my sides at vanitie.
 Roome for a capering mouth, whose lips nere stur,
 But in discoursing of the gracefull flur.
 Who euer heard spruce skipping *Curio*
 Ere prate of ought, but of the whirle on toe,
 The turne about ground, *Robrus* sprauling kicks,
Fabius caper, *Harries* tossing tricks?
 Did euer any eare ere heare him speake
 Vnlesse his tongue of crosse-points did intreat?
 His teeth doe caper whilst he eates his meat,
 His heeles doe caper, whilst he takes his seate,
 His very soule, his intellectuall
 Is nothing but a mincing capreall.
 He dreames of toe-turnes: each gallant he doth meete
 He fronts him with a trauerse in the streete.
 Praise but *Orchestra*, and the skipping Art,
 You shall commaund him, faith you haue his hart
 Euen capring in your fist. A hall, a hall,
 Roome for the Spheres, the orbs celestiaall
 Will daunce *Kemps* *Iigge*. They'le reuel with neate iumps
 A worthy Poet hath put on their Pumps.
 O wits quick trauerse, but *sance ceo's* slowe,
 Good faith tis hard for nimble *Curio*.
Ye gracious Orbes, keepe the old measuring,
All's spoilde if once yee fall to capering.
Luscus what's plaid to day? faith now I know
 Let thy lips abroach, from whence doth flowe

U

Naught

Naught but pure *Iuliet* and *Romeo*.
 Say who acts best? *Drusus* or *Roscio*?
 Now I haue him, that nere of ought did speake
 But when of playes or Players he did treat.
 Hath made a common-place booke out of playes,
 And speakes in print: at least what ere he saies
 Is warranted by Curtaine, *plaudities*,
 If ere you heard him courting *Lesbias* eyes;
 Say (*Curteous Sir*) speakes he not mouingly,
 From out some new pathetique Tragedy?
 He writes, he railes, he iests, he courts, (what not?)
 And all from out his huge long scraped stock
 Of well penn'd playes.

Oh come not within distance: *Martius* speakes,
 Who nere discourseth but of fencing feats,
 Of counter times, *finctures*, *fly passataes*,
Stramazones, resolute *Stoceates*,
 Of the quick change with wiping *mandritta*,
 The *carricado*, with th' *embrocata*,
 Oh, by *Iesu sir* (me thinks I heare him cry)
 The honourable fencing mystery
 Who doth not honour? Then fals he in againe,
 Iading our eares, and somewhat must be faine
 Of blades, and Rapier-hilts, of surest garde,
 Of *Vincentio*, and the *Burganians* ward.

This bumbast foile-button I once did see
 By chaunce, in *Linias* modest company,
 When after the *God-saving* ceremony,
 For want of talke-stuffe, fals to foinery,
 Out goes his Rapier, and to *Linia*
 He shewes the ward by *puncta reversa*,
 The *intarnata*.

Lib. III. *Scourge of VILLANIE.* Sat. XI. 227

The *incarnata*. Nay, by the blessed light,
Before he goes, he'll teach her how to fight
And hold her weapon. Oh I laugh amaine,
To see the madnes of this *Martius* vaine.

But roome for *Tuscius*, that iest-mounging youth
Who nere did ope his Apish gurning mouth
But to retaile and broke anothers wit.
Discourse of what you will, he straight can fit
Your present talke, with, *Sir, I'll tell a iest*
(Of some sweet Ladie, or graund Lord at least)
Then on he goes, and nere his tongue shall lie
Till his ingrossed iests are all drawne dry:
But then as dumbe as *Maurus*, when at play
Hath lost his crownes, and paun'd his trim array.
He doth naught but retaile iests: breake but one,
Out flies his table-booke, let him alone,
He'll haue it i-faith; Lad, hast an Epigram,
Wilt haue it put into the chaps of Fame?
Giue *Tuscius* copies; sooth, as his owne wit
(His proper issue) he will father it.
O that this Eccho, that doth seake, spet, write
Naught but the excrements of others spright,
This il-stuft trunke of iests (whose very soule
Is but a heape of Iibes) should once inroule
His name 'mong creatures termed rationall!
Whose chiefe repute, whose sense, whose soule and all
Are fed with offall scraps, that sometimes fall
From liberall wits, in their large festiuall,
Come aloft Iack, roome for a vaulting skip,
Roome for *Torquatus*, that nere op't his lip
But in prate of *pummado reuersa*,
Of the nimbling tumbling *Angelica*.

Now on my soule, his very intellect
Is naught but a curuetting *Sommer set*.

Hush, hush, (cries honest *Phylo*) peace, desist,
Dost thou not tremble forer Satyrist,
Now that iudiciall Musus readeth thee?
He'le whip each line he'le scourge thy balladry,
Good faith he will, Philo I pre thee stay
Whilst I the humour of this dogge display:
He's naught but censure, wilt thou credit me,
He neuer writ one line in poesie,
But once at Athens in a theame did frame
A paradox in praise of vertues name:
Which still he hugs, and luls as tenderly
As cuckold *Tisus* his wives bastardie.
Well, here's a challenge, I flatly say he lyes
That heard him ought but censure poesies.
'Tis his discourse, first hauing knit the brow,
Stroke vp his fore-top, champ'd euery row,
Belcheth his slaueing censure on each booke
That dare presume euen on *Medusa* looke.

I haue no Artists skill in symphonies,
Yet when some pleasing Diapason flies
From out the belly of a sweete touch't Lute,
My eares dare say tis good: or when they fute
Some harsher seauens for varietie,
My natue skill discernes it presently,
What then? will any sottish dolt repute,
Or euer thinke me *Orpheus* absolute?
Shall all the world of Fiddlers follow mee,
Relying on my voice in musickrie?

Musus heere's *Rhodes*, lets see thy boasted leape,
Or els auant lewd curre, presume not speake,

Or with

Or with thy venome-sputtering chaps to barke
Gainst well-pend poems, in the tongue-tied dark.

O for a humour, looke who yon doth goe,
The meager lecher, lewd *Luxurio*:
Tis he that hath the sole monopoly
By patent, of the Superb lechery.
No newe edition of drabbes comes out,
But seene and allow'd by *Luxurios* snout.
Did euer any man ere heare him talke
But of Pick-hatch, or of some Shoreditch baulke
Aretines filth, or of his wandring whore,
Of some *Cynedian*, or of *Tacedore*,
Of *Rufcus* nasty lothsome brothell rime,
That stinks like *Ajax* froth, or muck-pit slime?
The news he tels you, is of some newe flesh,
Lately brooke vp, span newe, hote piping fresh.
The curtesie he shewes you, is some morne
To giue you *Uenus* fore his smock be on.
His eyes, his tongue, his soule, his all is lust,
Which vengeance and confusion follow must.
Out on this salt humour, letchers dropse,
Fie, it doth soyle my chaffer poesie.

O spruce! How now *Piso*, *Aurelius* Ape,
What strange disguise, what new deformed shape
Doth hold thy thoughts in contemplation?
Faith say, what fashion art thou thinking on?
A sticht Taffata cloake, a pair of flosps
Of Spanish leather? O who heard his chops
Ere chew of ought, but of some strange disguise?
This fashion-mounger, each morne fore he rise
Contemplates sute shapes, and once from out his bed,
He hath them straight full liuely portrayed.

And then he chukes, and is as proude of this
 As *Taphus* when he got his neighbours blisse.
 All fashions since the first yeare of this Queene
 May in his study fairely drawne be seene,
 And all that shall be to his day of doome,
 You may peruse within that little roome.
 For not a fashion once dare show his face,
 But from neat *Pyso* first must take his grace.
 The long fooles coat, the huge sloop, the ludd boot
 From mimick *Pyso*, all doe claime their roote.
 O that the boundlesse power of the soule
 Should be coop't vp in fashioning some roule!

But O, *Suffenus*, (that doth hugge, imbrace
 His proper selfe, admires his owne sweet face,
 Prayseth his owne faire limmes proportion,
 Kisseth his shade, recounteth all alone
 His owne good parts) who enuies him? not I,
 For well he may, without all riuallrie.

Fie, whether's fled my sprites alacritie!
 How dull I vent this humorous poesie!
 In faith I am sad, I am possesst with ruth,
 To see the vainenesse of faire *Albions* youth;
 To see their richest time euen wholly spent
 In that which is but Gentries ornament.
 Which being meanly done, becomes them well:
 But when with deere times losse they doe excell,
 How ill they doe things well! To daunce and sing,
 To vault, to fence, and fairely trot a ring
 With good grace, meanely done, O what repute
 They doe beget! But being absolute,
 It argues too much time, too much regard
 Imploy'd in that which might be better spar'd

Then

Lib. III. *Scourge of VILLANIE.* Sat. XI. 231

Then substance should be lost. If one should sewe
For *Lesbias* loue, hauing two daies to wooe
And not one more, and should imploy those twaine
The fauour of her wayting-wench to gaine,
Were he not mad? Your apprehension:
Your wits are quick in application.

Gallants.

Me thinks your soules should grudge, and inly scorn
To be made slaues, to humours that are borne
In slime of filthy sensualitie.
That part, not subiect to mortalitie
(Boundlesse, discursiue apprehension
Giuing it wings to act his function)
Me thinks should murmur, when you stop his course,
And soyle his beauties in some beastly source
Of brutish pleasures. But it is so poore,
So weake, so hunger bitten, euermore
Kept from his foode, meager for want of meate,
Scorn'd and reiected, thrust from out his seate,
Vpbrai'd by Capons greace, consumed quite
By eating stewes, that waste the better spright,
Snibd by his baser parts; that now poore *Soule*
(Thus pesanted to each lewd thoughts controule)
Hath lost all heart, bearing all iniuries,
The vtmost spight, and rank't indignities
With forced willingnesse. Taking great ioy
If you will daine his faculties imploy
But in the mean't ingenions qualitie.
(How proud he'll be of any dignitie?)
Put it to musick, dauncing, fencing schoole,
Lord how I laugh to heare the prettie foole

How it

How it will prate! his tongue shall neuer lie,
 But still discourse of his spruce qualitie;
 Egging his master to proceede from this,
 And get the substance of celestiall blisse.
 His Lord, straight calls his parliament of sence,
 But still the sensuall haue preheminance,
 The poore soules better part so feeble is,
 So colde and dead is his *Synderefsis*,
That shadowes by odde chaunce sometimes are got,
But O the substance is respected not.
 Here ends my rage, though angry brow was bent,
 Yet I haue sung in sporting merriment.



To euerlasting OBLIUION.

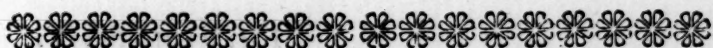
THOU mightie gulfe, insatiate cormorant,
 Deride me not, though I seeme petulant
 To fall into thy chops. Let others pray
 For euer their faire Poems flourish may.
 But as for mee, hungry *Obluion*
 Deuour me quick, accept my orizon:
 My earnest prayers, which doe importune thee,
 With gloomy shade of thy still Emperie,
 To vaile both me and my rude poesie.
 Farre worthier lines in silence of thy state
 Doe sleepe securely free from loue or hate:
 From which this liuing nere can be exempt,
 But whilst it breathes will hate and furie tempt.
 Then close his eyes with thy all-dimming hand,
 Which not right glorious actions can with-stand.

Peace

Lib. III. *Scourge of VILLANIE.* Sat. XI. 233

Peace hatefull tongues, I now in silence pace,
Vnlesse some hound doe wake me from my place,

I with this sharpe, yet well meant poesie,
Will sleepe secure, right free from iniurie
Of cancred hate, or rankest villanie.



To him that bath perused mee.

GENTLE, or vngentle hand that holdest mee, let not thine eye be cast vpon priuatenesse, for I protest I glaunce not on it. If thou hast perused mee, what lesser fauour canst thou grant then not to abuse mee with vniust application? Yet I feare mee, I shall be much, much iniured by two sortes of readers: the one being ignorant, not knowing the nature of a Satyre, (which is, vnder fained priuate names, to note generall vices,) will needes wrest each fained name to a priuate unfained person. The other too subtile, bearing a priuate malice to some greater personage then hee dare in his owne person seeme to maligne, will striue by a forced application of my generall reproofes to broach his priuate hatred. Then the which I knowe not a greater iniury can be offered to a Satyrist. I durst presume, knew they how guiltlesse, and how free I were from prying into priuatenesse, they would blush to thinke, how much they wrong themselues, in seeking to iniure mee. Let this protestation satisfie our curious searchers. So may I obtaine my best hopes, as I am free from endeaouering to blast anie priuate man's good name. If any one (forced with his owne guilt) will turne it home and say

'Tis I,

Tis I, I can not hinder him. Neither do I iniure him. For other faults of Poesie, I craue no pardon, in that I scorne all pennance the bitterest censurer can impose vpon mee. Thus (wishing each man to leaue enquiring who I am, and learne to knowe himselfe,) I take a solemne congee of this fustie world.

Theriomastix.

F I N I S.

